THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, January 14, 1956

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. LI. No. 1297 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1956 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Ultimatum to Sir Anthony

WHY has the smouldering discontent within the Conservative Party broken out into open rebellion against Sir Anthony Eden? He has, it is true, been timid and indecisive. But other Tory prime ministers have had the same faults, and it is only by contrast to Sir Winston that his successor seems so ineffective and colourless. Other Tory governments, too, have had serious defects, yet they have been vigorously defended by the very newspapers that now attack Sir Anthony. Such criticism is almost without a precedent, and something important must be at stake if for once the Tory Party is willing to wash its dirty linen in public.

This is certainly no palace revolution, such as those which brought down Asquith and Lloyd George. There is no evidence at all that the Prime Minister's critics are intriguing for his downfall, or that his subordinates are conspiring against him. With Mr. Butler fading away, and with Mr. Macmillan still busy establishing himself as a possible successor, there is at present no obvious replacement for Sir Anthony.

But if he is to remain, what is the point of discrediting him, just before he leaves for high-level talks in Washington, before a series of by-elections, and before his reshuffled government has had time to settle down? The answer lies in the collapse of Butskellism and the refusal of the Conservative Party to wait any longer for what the *Daily Telegraph* calls "an effective Conservative policy." It rightly points out that the cause of the criticism is not "any major issue of principle," but a "sense of frustration," and that its object is to push the government into taking stern and probably unpopular measures.

Here lies Sir Anthony's offence. He did not want to break up the harmony between the two front benches; he did not want to be tough with the trade unions; and he did not want to be remembered as the prime minister who broke the magic spell of full employment. The details he was prepared to leave to others. Mr. Butler could gently play cat-and-mouse with the economy, and Sir Walter Monckton could chat cosily to the T.U.C. Unfortunately, the formula which worked well in Sir Winston's time—while the inflation bowled merrily along—no longer worked after the May election. With wage claims mounting, with prices still rising, and with the Labour Party refusing any longer to sit on the other end of Mr. Butler's see-saw, the government's economic policy no longer makes sense to anyone.

Whatever malaise affects the Tories in the constituencies, whatever dissatisfaction there may be about the Middle East, heroin, teachers' pensions or half-a-dozen special grievances, the real cause of the rebellion is the desire to have a "realistic" policy to deal with the inflation. Several times in the last few months we have noted the growing demand from the City for a showdown with the trade unions, and suggested that Sir Anthony would ignore it at his peril. He did ignore it, and he now pays the penalty.

His party has waited with scarcely concealed impatience for Sir Anthony to make drastic economies in the welfare state and to organise a counter-offensive against organised labour. Now it will wait no longer. If inflation is to be checked—or checked, at least, in a fashion acceptable to big business—there must be a showdown with the unions over the new round of wage claims. That means, in the smug phrase of the *Economist*, a "new and more moderate definition . . . of full employment." This new definition is, in its view, about 700,000 unemployed. Sir Oscar Hobson, in the *Banker*, makes a similar estimate, and so does Professor Paish, writing in the *Financial Times*. All of them seek a cut in public spending and investment, and the *Economist* adds that these measures should be accompanied by "incentive" cuts in income and profits taxes.

So much for the remedy—on paper. But is the Tory Party really prepared to face the storm that will be whistled up if it tries to carry out this dogmatic cure for inflation? Is it confident that it can rally public opinion against large-scale strikes? Apparently it is. And it insists that the Prime Minister gets on with the job, or gets out.

Comments on the Week's News

Agenda for Washington

It is now clear that western policy in the Middle East will be the main item on the agenda when Sir Anthony Eden goes to Washington; and at the conference of British Middle-Eastern envoys last week, a number of decisions were taken. First, the attempt to bulldoze Jordan into the Baghdad Pact will be dropped; the pact itself, however, will not be abandoned, and an effort will be made to make it more palatable to the "southern tier" by stressing and amplifying its economic provisions. Secondly, British policy will endeavour to effect the diplomatic isolation of Saudi Arabia. As the headquarters of the U.S. strategic air command in the area and also of the U.S.-controlled Aramco, Saudi Arabia has long been regarded as an American protégé. Since King Saud's accession, however, anti-western feeling in Arabia has been growing, and there has been a progressive deterioration in U.S.-Arabian relations. The failure of the State Department to protest—even privately—against the Sultan of Muscat's annexation, under British sponsorship, of disputed territory in Oman, is regarded as significant. The Foreign Office believes that America is now prepared to take a firmer line with Saudi Arabia and co-operate more actively with Britain in this part of the Middle East. Finally, Sir Anthony will seek to get U.S. co-operation for the new three-point British plan for solving the Arab-Israeli deadlock. This consists of (1) promoting negotiations between Israel and Egypt, (2) reissuing the 1950 Tripartite Declaration in a strengthened form, and (3) increasing the powers of the U.N. Commission in the disputed areas. The Foreign Office believes that the only chance of saving the Baghdad Pact is to effect a preliminary settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute during the next few months; and unless and until the attempt is shown to be hopeless, there will be no major re-assessment of British Middle-Eastern policy. If, however, the Labour Party finally makes up its mind and decides that the Baghdad Pact has now become a liability, the Government's difficulties will clearly be immeasurably increased. For, by linking the two problems together, Sir Anthony has offered Egypt the opportunity of making the abandonment of the pact a pre-condition of negotiations.

African Franchise in Kenya

In one respect, the proposals of Mr. W. F. Coutts and of the Kenya Government for the introduction of African voting in Kenya represent a retreat from democratic practice. Both envisage a limited qualified franchise. Thus only a proportion of Africans would be allowed to select their representatives. Although today Africans have no vote, their members of the legislative council are appointed after consultation with African provincial district and local councils. In theory, therefore, every African has some influence on the selection of his members. It would have been better to have accepted the principle of universal suffrage from the start. To encourage all Africans to take an interest in the elections would have done much to improve Kenya's political health. Only in this way can the electorate learn how to choose members who really represent the people. The qualifications for candidates are also very dubious. How can it be maintained in circumstances like those of Kenya that no man who has been in prison should be eligible? How many responsible Africans have an income of over £240 a year? Will this exclude trade union leaders from standing as candidates? Finally, how can six million Africans be genuinely divided into six constituencies with only six members? This under-representation would seem to inhibit the scheme from the start, drive African politicians into purely racial channels, and postpone the coming of the common electoral role which is the only basis for democracy.

New Crisis in South Africa

As the new session of the South African parliament opens, there are loud rumblings of yet another constitutional crisis. Since 1952 the Nationalists have been making strenuous and unscrupulous efforts to remove the Cape Coloureds from the electoral roll, and to force them to vote separately and for their own distinctive—but still European—candidates. So far, each attempt has been thwarted by the courts, but now the Nationalists have resorted to a "reform" of the senate in order to pack it. They have increased the number of senators from 48 to 89, and can count on 77 supporters against the opposition's 12. The Nationalists can now call a joint parliamentary session and obtain the two-thirds majority required by the constitution.

The opposition, however, may once more appeal to the courts, and if it succeeds again the new senate itself would be declared unconstitutional, and parliamentary government in the Union would come to a standstill. No acts could be passed and the government could conceivably be legally deprived of its financial resources. So Premier Strydom's tactic will probably be a joint session, not to remove the Cape Coloureds, but to repeal the entrenched clauses of the constitution itself. If he succeeds, not only will the Coloureds and Africans lose all protection of their political rights, but the equality of the English and Afrikaans languages will also be open to attack. The way will then be clear for the Nationalists to abolish the four seats held by Europeans representing Africans and to introduce their republican constitution.

Franco Reaps the Whirlwind

On Tuesday, the French resident-general in Morocco conferred with General Valino, the Spanish high commissioner. The talks were held at the request of the Spanish, who are becoming increasingly worried by the victory of the nationalists in the French zone. The Spanish are not prepared to make similar concessions. In the past they have come to terms with the nationalists by allowing them to cause trouble in the French zone; but the Sultan's restoration has reversed the situation. Now, both the Kalifa, who represents the Sultan in their zone, and Sr. Torres, leader of the "official" nationalists, are putting pressure on General Valino; and last week's announcement that the Franco-Moroccan talks are to begin "at the earliest opportunity"—which means in February—threw him into a panic. He now hopes to call a three-power conference before the talks begin, with the object of getting Spain recognised as a party to them, and thus delaying their outcome. He will, however, meet with little sympathy from the French. The Quai d'Orsay has always argued that Spain is juridically only a "sub-tenant" in Morocco: the basis of the negotiations will be the Treaty of Fez, to which Spain was not a party. General Franco's cynical exploitation of the controversy over the throne, and the assistance he has given to the Riff rebels have increased French hostility; and they are unlikely to assist him in the troubles he will inevitably face in the months to come.

Atomic Arms Race

The nuclear arms race is in full swing. President Eisenhower has not denied reports that America is preparing "the greatest explosion the world has ever known" in a new series of hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific early this year, while from Washington comes the claim that Britain has agreed to let the United States extend to 1,600 miles her long-range proving ground for guided missiles in the West Indies. These developments make nonsense of Sir Anthony's refusal to examine the Soviet offer to ban H-bomb tests. In the tests to date America has a qualitative lead with a bomb of 17 megatons against the latest Russian bomb of about 5 megatons. But now the Americans say that, as the Russian bomb was exploded in the air, and not detonated on a tower, they must make a similar test. Where do we go from here? The Prime Minister's petulant insistence in the Commons that an immediate ban on tests, before the British bomb had been exploded, would condemn us to a "position of decisive inferiority to other great powers" looks sillier than ever. Is our bang to be bigger still? And what becomes of the claim that, in these matters, we must stand on our own feet if Britain is to give American missiles the run of the West Indies? The truth is that this country will always be in a position of "decisive inferiority" in the nuclear race and that Britain's job should be to take the initiative in stopping the tests—as a first step towards stopping the whole suicidal stampede.

Too Many Cars?

The decision to cut car production to four days a week so far applies only to the Rootes group and the British Motor Corporation. Both companies believe that the present surplus of new cars will be only temporary, and they say that it is due to import restrictions in Australia and New Zealand, to the seasonal fall in shipments to the U.S., and to a decline in the home market caused by higher purchase taxes and credit restriction. This may be accurate. But none of these factors seems yet to have caused over-production for Vauxhall and Ford, which are both subsidiaries of American auto firms. On the contrary, Ford sales overseas seem to be gaining at the expense of other British producers. So far as B.M.C. is concerned, the merger of Austin and Morris has already paid dividends in output—production has risen by nearly 27 per cent. in the last year—but sales have not kept pace. Is this due to marketing methods? Or are questions of design and consumer appeal involved? There has been a good deal of criticism lately of some types of car now being produced in this country, and their suitability for some of the markets in which competition is now becoming fiercer. Much of this criticism has been directed at the B.M.C., which is the fourth largest vehicle producer and the largest single exporter in the world. The present surplus cannot be disposed of by feeding car-hungry buyers in Britain—as has happened when exports have fallen off in the past—for dear money has made both new and second-hand markets sluggish. The British producers will now have to make a special export effort.

Trade Union Problems

There are three main problems now facing British trade unionism: the relation between wage policy, inflation and national income; internal efficiency, discipline and democracy; and the question of workers' control (or representation) in socially owned industry. The current issue of the *Political Quarterly* is given over to a valuable discussion of at least some aspects of these problems, and anyone who seeks to think seriously about the future role of trade unionism in this country will find suggestive ideas in the contributions. More space might, with advantage, have been given to a consideration of wage policy. All the contributors save one have become academic specialists rather than participating trade unionists. It would have been most useful if one or two of the more articulate trade union leaders could have been persuaded to describe their problems, for the symposium has an air of detachment. And the essays might have had a better balance if there had been a detailed account, for instance, of rank-and-file attitudes in the railwaymen's union or in the struggle between the northern stevedores and the Transport Workers. The main problems are, however, clearly and sharply stated, and this issue—like other special numbers in recent years—should become a necessary text.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Madrid

Falangists *v.* Monarchists

A Correspondent in Madrid writes: Further signs of the increasing Falangist opposition to the restoration of the monarchy in Spain have appeared in the last week or so. The Falange as a political force has already lost much of its power and its opposition to the monarchy is based on the fear of losing still more to the monarchist rich. Hitherto, Franco has always been careful, when making statements about the restoration, to emphasise that the future monarchy must collaborate closely with the Falange—thus attempting to reduce the conflict between Monarchists and Falangists and at the same time to remain above the quarrel. While these attempts have never convinced anybody that the quarrel does not exist, the Falangists, up till now, have at least accepted his good faith sufficiently to concentrate their dislike on the Monarchists. But, with every statement that Franco has made asserting the necessity of a restoration, the Falange has become increasingly impatient and it is turning its anti-monarchist feeling against the Caudillo himself.

The first intimation of what was happening occurred early in December, when the news leaked out that the leader of the Falangist Youth Front, Sr. Elola, had been dismissed from his post. (Typically, there was nothing official in the Spanish press until December 13.) Elola had been head of the Youth Front since 1941, and was generally agreed to be among the most respected of the Falangist leaders. His dismissal was the result of an incident at El Escorial on November 19 at the memorial service for Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, founder and hero of the Falange. It appears that Franco, by arriving at the ceremony in Army instead of Falangist uniform, roused the indignation of several of the Falangists present—particularly the members of the Youth Front. The usual shout of "Franco, Franco, Franco," was replaced by "Falange, Falange, Falange." A noise broke out, in the midst of which someone apparently shouted "traitor!" It is also said that one of Franco's bodyguard was sufficiently alarmed to draw a revolver. Elola was not present at the demonstration, and his dismissal—presumably a piece of disciplinary action—can hardly be calculated to quieten the Falange.

About the time when Elola's dismissal became unofficially known, there was a second incident. A student by the name of Grinda attended the first night of a play called *La Canasta* at the Infanta Isabel theatre in Madrid. He disliked the play and started to make a disturbance. As a result, he was called into the manager's office and beaten up. His fellow-students learnt of this and staged a series of demonstrations outside the theatre. But, in Spain, once a demonstration starts, the original object is always liable to become lost in a wider one—usually political. On the pretext that the dramatic critic of the monarchist paper *A.B.C.* had written a piece praising the play, a large body of students marched up the Serrano, where the paper's offices are located, and smashed the windows.

Little will come out of these incidents in themselves. The Falange has more than once been purged and its power has, anyway, dwindled. But on the question of the monarchy, it is in accord with a much wider body of opinion. Apart from the rich, who see in a restoration the chance of retaining their privileges almost indefinitely, there is virtually no monarchist feeling in Spain. It might be said that this is because there are few ordinary people who care but, nevertheless, Franco seems to have made a rare error of judgment in believing that he can impose a permanent restoration.

Rome

Move to the Left?

Our Rome Correspondent writes: On all the fundamental internal Italian problems the Segni government no longer has a centre majority, because about 100 Christian Democrat deputies are in opposition. Having no hope of votes from the right, the government is necessarily resting on the left. Two of the most important problems are land reform and petrol. There is also the general problem of completing the Italian constitution, and of abolishing all the fascist legislation which conflicts with the constitution.

Until the beginning of this winter, the Nenni Socialists and the Communists supported Segni by voting in favour of the government every time it was in danger of falling. Since the right has only slowly been reorganising around Scelba the left felt it could support Segni with impunity. For within the right there is a contradiction which slows up unity—the conflict between Scelba and Pella, who speaks for two different interests. Scelba represents the large Italian monopolies, linked with American big business, while Pella represents a national capitalism whose interests are often run counter to those of the Scelba group, and consequently with the American interests.

The nearer the right moves towards replacing Segni, the more Nenni and Togliatti increase their pressure for a move to the left—the inclusion of Signor Nenni in a reshuffled government. For both the Communists and the Socialists fear that the present weak government may fall an easy prey to the right. One sign of this pressure was the decision of the left unions to call off a national railway strike which might have caused the fall of the government. The threatened strike was interpreted as a threat by the C.G.I.L. to the Segni government; and the C.G.I.L. plans such a vast series of strikes this winter that the left calculates that, before the right has time to reorganise, Segni will call on Nenni to join the government.

The left believes that, if Signor Segni does not call Nenni to the government by February, the government will fall. In that case, the president of the republic, Signor Gronchi, will probably call on Gonella rather than on Scelba to form a government, and the left maintains that the move to the left will also be possible with Gonella. It is said that the Vatican is not against a move to the left in Italy, on the grounds that a right-wing government in Italy would strengthen the Communists. The Pope, in his Christmas message, indulged only in ideological anti-Communism. He spoke of the incompatibility of the Christian doctrine with Marxism, but not of the incompatibility of the policy of the Catholics in Italy with the policy of the left.

Washington

An Election Year Dawns

Our American Correspondent writes: The first week of the new congressional session has been unusually quiet for an election year. A relatively innocuous state of the Union message, droned out by clerks in the absence of the President, may have dampened the fighting spirits of some congressmen. But the clash between the two parties is being postponed primarily because neither has yet settled its internal problems.

The principal question for the Democratic Party is whether its rank-and-file can be persuaded by its "moderate" and basically southern leadership to operate within a framework of limited, rather than general, opposition. Senator Johnson, of Texas, back on his job as Democratic floor leader, is an outspoken advocate of conciliation with the administration, and he, with other conservative Democrats, controls the legislative machinery. But such northern liberals as Senators Lehman, Douglas and Humphrey and Representatives Celler and Powell might well stage a revolt against such a strategy. There is a similar lack of cohesion within the Republican Party. At present, the Eisenhower wing seems to be maintaining intra-party power in Congress. This is because uncertainty about Mr. Eisenhower's personal plans inhibits a challenge from the right wing.

Only on the issue of farm subsidies do the two parties sharply confront one another. The Democrats are pressing for a return to the high, fixed price supports that the Republicans abandoned two years ago in favour of the lower and flexible supports proposed and still endorsed by President Eisenhower; and his new plan for a soil bank, and, possibly, exports of surpluses to Iron Curtain countries, will go only part of the way to meet Democratic criticisms.

On tax reduction, the Democrats have not yet decided whether to force some tax reliefs. On other domestic issues, such as Federal aid for school construction, slum clearance, road-building and expanded health and welfare programmes, conservative Democrats split with their liberal colleagues and join with the Republicans. In the field of foreign affairs, trade liberalisation measures proposed by the President are likely to run into opposition from the protectionists in both parties. The administration's request for the authorisation of about $4,900 million for the foreign aid programme also meets bi-partisan opposition.

France's Only Way

It is a tradition as old as the Republic that Frenchmen regularly vote left and are governed by the right. Even in 1951, when there was a genuine swing to the right, the anti-conservative parties, with 10.5 million votes, had the support of a majority of the electorate. This did not prevent Pinay, Laniel, Faure and the rest from holding power almost continuously throughout the life of the parliament. Now France has voted for the left even more decisively. Over 12 million electors chose the parties which condemned the government, and promised peace in North Africa, social reform and the end of the economic lobbies. If these parties had been able to present a common front—and thus take full advantage of the *apparentement* electoral system—they would have been returned with an overwhelming majority in the new Assembly. Even so, however, the left parties have won such a victory that no government can be formed without their participation and support. They must now prove that they are capable of discharging their electoral mandate, that they can prevent the traditional drift to the right, and that, for once, the victory of the left will be followed by government of the left.

Mendès-France and Guy Mollet, who led the Republican Front's electoral campaign, have now declared their readiness to form a government. Within ten days, one of them will doubtless be prime minister and the other his principal lieutenant. Their responsibilities will be enormous. Not only the success or failure of the French non-Communist left, but perhaps also the future of the parliamentary regime will be at stake. If they can realise their programme, they will re-establish the popularity and prestige of democratic Socialism and give Frenchmen renewed confidence in their political institutions. And if not? The Poujadists' 2.5 million votes are there as a permanent warning that five more years of broken promises and political stagnation can fling open the door to fascism.

But the French Socialists and their allies are, however, in a minority. The crucial question is: to which side should they turn for support? The answer seems clear. Although the right is now performing grotesque gestures of friendship, it has no real intention of allowing the Republican Front to realise its electoral programme. To imagine that peace can be brought to North Africa with the help of politicians who are themselves colonialists is to suppose that the lobbies can be broken with the support of those whose purpose in the Assembly is to maintain them. Admittedly, even on the right there are men whose support a dynamic and popular government would attract. But, as Mendès-France's own experience as prime minister has shown, it would be madness to treat them as permanent allies, and depend exclusively on their aid. Moreover, by allying with the right, the Socialists would return to the disastrous course they pursued in the years 1945-51. During this period the party lost 20 per cent. of its electors and two-thirds of its members. It was rapidly ceasing to be entitled to the name of a working-class party. The decision taken in 1951—not to partake in any government dominated by the centre-right—has now been shown to be the right one. By dropping anti-Communism as an issue, and by concentrating exclusively on attacking the right, the Socialists have won votes for the first time in 10 years. These gains, it should be noted, occurred mainly in the heavily industrialised departments of northern France—a welcome sign that the party's perilous dependence on the artisan or lower-middle-class voters can be replaced by an increased share of the working-class electorate. To ally with the right is, in the eyes of the Socialist rank-and-file, against instinct; they can now justly claim it is against reason.

" I remember Germany in 1933, long before you were born, dear . . . "

Besides, whatever accusations can be levelled against its leaders, the five million Frenchmen who vote for the Communist Party form the core of the French working-class—and hence of the French left. The Communist workers in the Renault factories and the St. Nazaire docks are against the Algerian war and the lobbies for exactly the same reasons as their Socialist comrades. No genuine left-wing government can be created unless it has their support and confidence. But can this be obtained—and the safety of the regime preserved? In the past, the C.P. has often shown that its principal object in allying itself with other left-wing parties has been their destruction and absorption. Rightly, therefore, Mendès-France and Guy Mollet are opposed to any formal and explicit alliance. Nobody—including those who advocate it—really believes that a Popular Front on the 1936 model is possible. They are not considering any proposal to entrust Ministerial responsibility to Communists. The issue is simply whether the Republican Front can and should obtain Communist support for the realisation of its programme. The C.P. leaders declare they are ready to accord their help on these conditions. The Republican Front has everything to gain and nothing to lose by accepting this offer. If the Communists really provide the support they promise, the Front can fulfil its electoral promises—and draw its electoral rewards. If, on the other hand, the C.P. leaders break the agreement, the burning desire for unity among the French workers will turn against them.

Mendès-France and Guy Mollet are perfectly aware of the strength of this argument. The only thing which holds them back is their belief in western unity. They fear that if they accept the Communists' offer they will automatically become "suspect" in the eyes of their American and British allies. Great pressure will be exerted on them to make a solemn declaration—as so many of their predecessors have done—that they will under no circumstances accept Communist votes. In our view, such a policy serves precisely the ends of those it is designed to combat. By imposing on her a doctrinaire anti-Communism, France's allies have effectively prevented her from realising those reforms which alone can win the French workers from their Communist allegiance. Now French democracy has been given another chance—perhaps the last. If, as now seems possible, Mendès-France and Mollet decide to accept Communist support, it is essential that responsible people in Britain and elsewhere realise that they are taking this dangerous step because it is the only permanent solution to the French political deadlock, and the only way to enable France to become a healthy and reliable member of the western alliance.

The Cyprus Tangle

Archbishop Makarios is still in his early forties. His mouth, half hidden in a black beard, is supple and humorous. He is confident, controlled, able and ambitious. Sir John Harding has the most alert and candid blue eyes I have ever seen. He is a remarkable personality, with the outlook of a soldier, not a politician.

After talking to both of them last week, I concluded that Sir John must be demanding new and more sensible instructions and that the Archbishop must be expecting a renewal of talks with the British. The talks have now begun. If reason prevails, the "gap" that separates the British position from the Cyprus demands will be bridged. If I do not expect a settlement it is because I no longer expect reason to prevail in any issue where nationalism plays a part.

Nothing contributes to unreason as much as the Athens radio, which pours into the ears of Cypriots a stream of propaganda only to be described as Goebbelesque. It multiplies the achievements of Eoka, the right-wing terrorist organisation in Cyprus, tenfold. It suggests that these nationalist fanatics are heroically defying "Butcher Harding" and his army of thugs, who, it claims, are daily shooting, raping, torturing and looting the unhappy Cypriots. The Greek reply to British protests is that this extravagant picture of the situation in Cyprus (which, goodness knows, is actually bad enough without exaggeration) is not invented by the radio, but taken from Greek newspapers, which everyone believes are inspired by the same tainted source as the wireless. The demand for Enosis has been continuous during the last hundred years of first Turkish, and then British rule. The surprise is not that a right-wing government, which is supposed to be dependent on Britain and America, should nevertheless seek electoral popularity by supporting Cypriot aspirations against Britain, but that it should do it so viciously, so hysterically.

The British seem not to have thought of calling the Enosis bluff. One wonders whether the Cypriots would really welcome a Governor from Athens and happily rely on him to protect them from the Turks. Would the Communists prefer Greek to British gaolers? I'm sure the merchants and tradesmen would not choose to pay Greek rather than British taxes or to change from the sterling to the drachma area.

Just why Enosis propaganda has now taken so violent a form is something of a mystery. They say that Sir Anthony Eden insultingly turned his back on Mr. Papagos, the former Greek premier, when he tried to raise the Cypriot question. They say that Greek politicians are by nature hysterical. They say, more persuasively, that the present feeble Greek government fears a left-wing victory at the coming elections and hopes to divert the public mind from the economic miseries of Greece and to outbid the thinly disguised Communist propaganda of E.D.A. by Enosis propaganda. Added to which, I'm told, the tone of Athens propaganda may be partly explained by the influence of ex-German collaborators on the Greek radio and press.

The Turkish complication is another emotional factor. The Turks say quite simply that if the British retire from Cyprus they will not tolerate the Greeks, their historic enemies, on this large island, which is less than 40 miles from their coast. They add that Greece may become Communist and, by way of showing that they were serious, the "Cyprus is Turkish" movement was last September allowed to carry through riots on a colossal and little reported scale in Smyrna, Salonika and Istanbul. Thousands of Greek shops and houses were sacked and their contents destroyed; Greek churches were systematically wrecked, the Greek cemetery in Istanbul was dug up and the rotten corpses thrown out in heaps. The more fanatical Greeks declare that the attitude of Turkey is due to deliberate incitement by the British, while the moderates are content to point out that the British refusal of Cypriot demands has had the effect of encouraging Turkish intransigence. If the British had taken a firm line in favour of Greece, they say, Turkey would have accepted Enosis, just as it had previously to accept Greek sovereignty over the Dodecanese, which are even closer to the Turkish mainland.

In Cyprus itself the atmosphere is rather less highly charged than in Athens. Sir John Harding reiterates in his New Year broadcast that the days of Eoka are numbered: "The net is slowly but surely closing round them." He believes that the pattern of Cyprus differs from that of Ireland, Israel, Malaya or any of the other areas in which national resistance has maintained itself against an army, because the island is comparatively small; there are no jungles for terrorists to hide in; and a police blockade can pretty effectively prevent arms being smuggled in by sea or air. In short he regards this as a unique case in which violence can be smashed by drastic emergency measures and reasonable nationalism satisfied by an offer of self-government—especially when it is helped out by the £38 million subsidy now allowed to Sir John to enable him to begin the neglected job of improving the harbours, roads and agriculture of Cyprus. On the other side, the Archbishop (who has a volume about Gandhi's non-violent campaign on his table) declares that even if Eoka violence is suppressed, passive resistance will triumph.

I came away unconvinced by either side. I doubt if Sir John's programme will work and I do not expect the Cypriots to behave either like the Irish or the Indians. The strength of feeling is difficult to judge; when Makarios appealed to the Muktars (local mayors) to resign, 311 out of 560 did so, but about half of them carried on under cover. When Sir John arrested about 130 leading Communists (who have not in fact indulged in any violence), the trade unions, which the Communists largely dominate, made only mild demonstrations, but I am told by those who work closely with them that the whole Cypriot working class, whether Communist or not, is now solidly demanding these men's release. My conclusion is that unless negotiations lead to a settlement very soon, Cyprus has before it a long, miserable period in which, even if Eoka is temporarily suppressed in the countryside, bombs will still be dropped in cafés and British soldiers stabbed or shot in the back from dark alleyways. Once a nationalist movement has got under way, the moderates, who hate murder, begin to wonder if there is any other way of achieving results.

Hope of ending violence depends on early success in the renewed talks. The exact words of the British proposals of November 21, which the Archbishop rejected, as he himself said, "without discussion," have not been published. But the nature of the "gap" between the self-determination demanded by the Cypriots and the offer made by the British is sufficiently clear. The Cypriots have never yet shown much interest in self-government. Everyone knows that if national representatives are elected they will immediately demand self-determination, that is, union with Greece. About this the British began by saying "never" until, after a few bombs were dropped, they said "sometime". Makarios still does not ask for a date; he is content to demand that when representatives are elected they should have the immediate opportunity of discussing the future of the island.

The British terms of November 21 involved, he believed, a renunciation of the right of Cypriots to discuss their own international future. The British expected him to recognise that the island could only be free "within the framework" of existing treaties and alliances. He asked what this meant, and was given a list of treaties, which included the Treaty of Berlin of 1878, when the island first became British, and the Treaty of Lausanne, by which we promised the Turks to maintain control of the island for reasons that have long become obsolete. In short, his view, if I understand it aright, is that the British insisted on Cyprus being irrecoverably part of the British defence system of the Middle East, and never being able to decide its own future. But, I asked him, did this mean that the Cypriots regarded the existence of the British base as incompatible with Enosis? The Greeks have often asserted their willingness to have a base in Cyprus. The Archbishop replied that the British made only a general condition about existing treaties and alliances, and that he had not been asked whether he was prepared for a constitution which would give Cyprus a Greek government while preserving a permanent British base in the island.

If this is a correct analysis, a settlement sounds possible enough. If Britain is really determined to keep the island as a base, the paramount necessity is a friendly Cypriot population. It was because the Egyptian population was hostile that the British left Suez. There are excellent precedents for a sovereign country within which is maintained a vast Nato base. Belgium and West Germany are both obvious examples. One assumes, therefore, that the British have now at last reached the position of offering the Cypriots a free constitution with the right of self-determination after a few years, during which time the details of co-operation could be worked out, with provision for the maintenance of the British base.

All this sounds promising enough—on the right assumptions. Are the British right in thinking that the recent visit of Mr. Liatis to the Archbishop meant that Athens and the Ethnarchy are ready to compromise? Again, is the Foreign Office prepared, if necessary, to override Turkish protests? Both points are in doubt. In his New Year broadcast Sir John Harding laid down two conditions of settlement apart from the requirements of strategy. The first is that it must meet the wishes of all sections of the people of Cyprus, that is, presumably, that the rights of the Turkish minority, which is one-fifth of the population, must be safeguarded. Unfortunately the present Turkish demand is that, in the event of self-government for Cyprus, the Turkish minority should have an equal representation with the Greek-speaking population. The second of Sir John's requirements was that the solution should take into account the relation of the powers concerned, that is, primarily Britain, Greece and Turkey. All three are Nato powers. If the Turks take this to mean that they can maintain a permanent veto over the future of the island, even under a constitution which provides for a permanent British base, then the British must state in the most emphatic manner that the decision is British and that Ankara will not be allowed to prevent a reasonable settlement.

Kingsley Martin

London Diary

THE news that Sir Hubert and Lady Rance have been welcomed with "love and affection" by the mayor of Rangoon vividly brings to my mind one of the most remarkable and moving occasions at which I ever assisted. It recalls the scene at the docks in Rangoon on January 4, 1948—the day when Burma became independent. From 4 o'clock that morning (the soothsayers insisted that everything must be in fours) we had stood in the cold light of dawn watching, to the accompaniment of conches and Burmese drums, the events that symbolised the transfer of power. Sir Hubert's farewell speech had been down to earth; he discussed Burmese problems after the fashion of a man who had worked with the Burmese rather than ruled over them in their most sombre as well as their brightest moments. The whole cabinet, almost all of whom had spent much of their lives in fighting against British rule, accompanied Sir Hubert to the docks, and, to their surprise, found themselves sad at parting with their imperial boss. In their independence honours list for 1956, Sir Hubert now receives a high Burmese decoration; another has been conferred on Earl Mountbatten of Burma, who is visiting the country later this month; and a third goes to Lord Ogmore, who, as David Rees-Williams, was chairman of the Burmese Frontier Areas Commission, which enabled the Chins, Kachins Shans and Karens to join the Union. It was not his fault that some of the Karens, encouraged, I am sorry to say, by a few disgruntled Englishmen, later decided to join the Communists in the least justified and most meaningless of the revolts in Burma.

* * *

In unexpected ways, imperialism is trying to make amends for its past. How pleasant, for instance, to hear that some of the treasures taken from the palace in Mandalay by General Prendergast in 1885 have now been given back to Burma by Mr. Keith Marten on behalf of the Prendergast family! They will find an honoured place in the new National Museum which has just been set up in Rangoon. Mr. Marten was in the Air Force in Burma during the early part of the last war; he realised that the Burmese must feel about his family's possessions of their historic emblems much as we should feel if some of the Crown Jewels had been stolen from us by the Germans and kept in Berlin. They include a dressing mirror used by the last Burmese Queen and a big gilded umbrella used by her husband, King Thibaw (an umbrella is a symbol of power rather than an object of utility); there are also figures of celestial dancers in gilded wood the very existence of which was not known to Burmese friends of mine who are pundits in this matter. Another object of interest, if not of art, is an illuminated letter dated February 20, 1873, signed by Queen Victoria. It is a courteous and courtly reply to a Burmese scholar, the Kinwun Mingye, who was the first Burmese visitor to England and the author of a diary much read in Burma. Thirteen years later, General Sir Harry Prendergast, V.C., occupied Upper Burma, and Lord Randolph Churchill, Secretary of State for India, announced this new imperial acquisition to Queen Victoria. But times change. Lord Randolph's son last year welcomed the prime minister of independent Burma to London, and Sir Harry Prendergast's daughter, now aged 85, expressed nothing but pleasure when Mr. Keith Marten told her that her father's magnificent loot was going back to Burma.

No doubt the Home Office would like us to forget that there is a censorship. Because there is no one called a censor, we are supposed to be free. In fact, stimulated by the Home Office's five exemplary prosecutions of reputable publishers in 1954 and supported by a deliberately ambiguous and nebulous law, we now have innumerable censors, usually ill-balanced and illiterate persons with un-adult or diseased minds. It is these people who were given the green light by the token prosecutions of 1954. The Home Office campaign succeeded in so frightening people that the Stigginses can root about in a literary jungle, that begins at the printing works and ends at the committee of the public library. I have just read a page-proof copy of a sincere and thoughtful book about delinquent girls, which I should have thought far too serious to tickle the palate of the most prurient ass. But I'm assured that unless it is considerably amended the printers will not go further with it. One of the publishers who was prosecuted in 1954 said to me the other day: "The printers have the whip hand. And if they stand to be prosecuted every time they print a good book that's too outspoken for the police, how on earth can you blame them for setting up their own censorship? And come to that, why should any publisher make a burnt offering of himself on the sacred altar of freedom for the writer? It cost me a lot of money last time—let some of the others have a go."

* * *

I thought the most ludicrous example of indirect censorship that has happened since the Home Office's 1954 campaign was the decision of the booksellers to keep Peter Wildeblood's *Against the Law* under the counter. But even that was eclipsed by a little scene in the Richmond Library committee room on December 12. Richmond readers had been asking for the Wildeblood book. When the librarian had told the library committee what it was and how well it had been reviewed by responsible persons, there was a cross little debate about "opening the door to books of this type," and a number of the angriest members showed that they had read neither the book nor the reviews. The voting was four-all, and when the chairman gave his casting vote in favour of letting Richmond read the book, a worthy alderman crumpled up his papers, flung them on the floor, resigned from the committee, and left in high dudgeon, or whatever it is that resigning aldermen leave in. It was decided, though, to keep the book under the library counter. It may be promoted, perhaps, when somebody has read it. What can be wrong with the people who behave like this? What on earth possessed the mind of a London magistrate who last month gave a man two months' imprisonment for selling a copy of *Lady Chatterley*? On appeal, of course, this sentence was quashed and a fine substituted. But who is it, I wonder, that still goes around smelling out D. H. Lawrence in this day and age, and how long is it to be before we try to get some intelligent standards adopted? Perhaps the Society of Authors could get their Obscene Publications Bill—which was talked out in the Commons last session—introduced now in the Lords? What a chance for Earl Attlee!

* * *

Absent from England, I missed the celebration of Gilbert Murray's 90th birthday. His character, his scholarship, and his work for international peace, have all very properly been lauded. Not enough, I think, has been said about his humanism, for Gilbert Murray is the proof, if any were needed, that the religion of Socrates can be good and satisfying, in spite of the fact that it lacks what most people regard as necessary in religion, faith in a mythology. I remember even today with the greatest gratitude how much Gilbert Murray's writing on Greece—especially his little book on *Euripides and his Age* in the Home University Library—meant to me when I was a student. I still have a copy, underlined, marked, almost falling to pieces. One little secret about Gilbert Murray I am sure I may now reveal, though I promised him complete anonymity twenty years ago. He was the author of the brilliant series of satirical forecasts of the future which appeared in this journal in the days when Hitler's star was rising.

* * *

Lady Bonham Carter's magisterial letter in *The Times* last Monday has, I take it, finally exploded the story told in Mr. Robert Blake's Life of Bonar Law that Mr. Asquith was so immersed in playing bridge with three women on Whit Monday morning, 1916, that he could scarcely find time to discuss the cabinet crisis with his most eminent colleague. It does rather more than this, for it makes one wonder whether much else in Mr. Blake's interesting book is equally ill founded; could this and other stories in the book be founded on nothing better than the mischievous memory of Lord Beaverbrook? The truth about Asquith's bridge playing, as about much else, is better put in the second act of Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, where under the titles of Lubin and Burge, figures caricaturing Asquith and Lloyd George analyse each other, and are both analysed by G.B.S. himself. There Asquith is described as shocking Lloyd George's Welsh nonconformity by complaining that in the darkest days of the war, "there have been Sundays within the last few years on which I have had to play as many as sixty-six games of bridge to keep my mind off the front." Against this bit of satire Lady Violet's filial piety need not protest. For at high moments of responsibility those in charge may be compelled to relieve the strain on their nerves by some familiar relaxation, whether it is playing croquet, fishing, lovemaking, or playing bridge.

* * *

William Clark, you remember, was appointed personal publicity officer to Sir Anthony when he became Prime Minister. The *Daily Mirror* of January 5 carried a large front-page headline: "Eden is a Flop." I am told that Bill Clark placed this on the Premier's table with a note pinned to it which read: "And so, obviously, is Bill Clark."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

While not wishing to contradict Mrs. D. S. Jones in her statement about low necklines, I would consider the costume of male ballet dancers of greater importance. The tights they appear to have been poured into surely come under the same category of "abusing the honour which we allow them in coming into our homes." I suggest a little frilled skirt, an apron, or even a sporran, might meet the situation.—Letter in *TV Mirror*. (L. Bate.)

Mrs. C. will cook in her usual demonstration uniform of pink satin ball gown, silver foxes, and diamonds (emphasising her claim that cooking is a cleanly, creative art, and not a grubby chore).—*Daily Mail*. (C. Ives.)

Worcestershire Education Committee is being recommended to pay a teacher at Halesowen College of Further Education £14 4s. 5d. for crockery belonging to him, which was damaged during practical house-craft examinations last July.—*Birmingham Mail*. (John S. Vinden.)

Lines of Progress

Clean Air—a pettifogging Bill
  (Praise with faint damns this feeble blessing);
The filthy fog is with us still
  And still my train is not progressing.
Descent to Hell is supersonic
The signals should be electronic.

See what America has lacked,
  So human in her blind decision:
Communist China is a fact
  Patent to electronic vision.
The Brain would never show resistance
To recognising her existence.

In France, allergic to the tricks
  Of statesmen who can never suit her,
They could dispense with politics
  By an infallible computer;
It's hot for all colonial bosses—
Mere thermostats would cut their losses.

The catastrophic cost of war
  On electronic computations
Could regulate behaviour more
  Than playing Disunited Nations.
(There is no scope for the fanatic
In worlds automotonocratic).

I know that electronic brains
  Could save the railways from disaster;
My train of thought (from thought of trains)
  The more we stop, moves ever faster:
It seems to me that old and stale ways
Are not confined to British Railways.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Epidemic Cancer

(By a Medical Correspondent)

BEFORE anyone may be convicted of a crime, the law requires proof "beyond all reasonable doubt." The evidence now available is sufficient to prove, beyond all reasonable doubt, that cigarette smoking is a cause of cancer of the lung. This verdict must have wide social implications, particularly if we are to consider preventive measures.

In the last thirty years, cancer of the lung as a reported cause of death in Great Britain has become some forty times more common, and this increase has occurred almost entirely among men in middle age. At the turn of the century, when the great sanitary reforms of preceding years began paying off, the death rates of both sexes at all ages began to show a steady fall. In the 1920s, though the rate for women continued its satisfactory downward trend, that for men of middle age (45-64) surprisingly halted, and has since remained stationary; indeed for the professional classes it may even have shown a rise. Today, nearly twice as many men as women die in middle age; and this deterioration is very largely due to a prodigious increase in two diseases which 40 years ago were rarities—coronary thrombosis and cancer of the lung. Both conditions, which affect men more than women, have been rightly described as the "epidemics" of western society. Of the two, coronary thrombosis is undoubtedly the more widespread. But cancer of the lung does not come far behind, being now responsible for about 10 per cent. of all deaths of middle-aged men. And it is likely to become more common. On the best estimates the rates among men will finally double or even treble, and women may come later to suffer as severely.

There are two types of lung cancer. The first is a highly differentiated sort, comparable with cancer elsewhere in the body. So far as can be estimated this type, found equally in men and women, has not increased in frequency. The second type is an undifferentiated "squamous" growth, a kind often associated with irritants. It is this type which accounts for the epidemic we are now witnessing. Since the disease has suddenly become more common, and since this squamous type of growth predominates, it is reasonable to suppose that a new and widespread irritant hazard is responsible. While there may be other causes of cancer of the lung, it seems certain that cigarette smoking is the main one. Suspicions had been raised even before the war, but there were no convincing data until 1950, when Wynder and Graham in America published a full investigation into the histories of 600 men dying of lung cancer. They compared their past smoking habits with those of a matched control group of cancer-free subjects. Of the lung cancer patients, only 1.3 per cent. were non-smokers, as opposed to 14.6 per cent. of the controls; 51 per cent. were heavy smokers, as compared with only 19 per cent. of the controls. These figures were of high statistical significance: that is they could not reasonably have occurred by chance. Shortly after this Doll and Hill of the Medical Research Council published the preliminary report of a larger survey of the same type which was started here in 1947. They produced results of an identical kind; cancer of the lung was extremely rare among non-smokers, but became progressively more common as the amount smoked increased. Since then, eleven other full and careful investigations have been published from different parts of the world. Each has had substantially similar results, and has confirmed beyond doubt that there is a close and direct association between cancer of the lung and smoking.

Although the smoking of cigars and pipes has steadily declined in the last sixty years, the consumption of cigarette tobacco has risen steadily. In the decade 1891-1900 the annual consumption of cigarette tobacco per adult man was 0.4 lbs. For the decade 1911-1920 it had gone up to 3.8 lbs. In 1941-50 it had reached 8.3 lbs. Women on the other hand, had, to all intents and purposes, a nil consumption of tobacco until the decade 1921-30 when it was 0.2 lbs per year per adult woman. Even during the war decade, 1941-50, it had risen only to 2.4 lbs; less, that is, than was smoked by men in 1911-20. Women, in fact, are 30 years behind men in their cigarette consumption. If, as seems probable, at least 15 years exposure is necessary to produce a substantial cancer risk, then the increased incidence of lung cancers accords well with the increased cigarette consumption.

In other fields such findings would have been hailed as the greatest ever advance in industrial medicine, and prompt action would have been taken. But smoking is different. Almost all of us are smokers, and we greeted the reports with an anxious silence which hardened quickly into a preference for ignoring the whole thing. Who believes in statistics? It was cheering, too, that many mathematically minded protagonists could be found to produce reasons, often mutually contradictory, to show how the data had been misinterpreted and the conclusions misplaced. (This opposition has not been artificially boosted by the tobacco companies. On the contrary, they have contributed handsomely to the Medical Research Council's funds to extend inquiries into the causes of cancer.)

There have only been two really substantial arguments against the findings. First, all these studies have been retrospective. That is to say they were based on histories taken from persons already known to have cancer of the lung. They might, therefore, all have been subject to some similar innate unrecognised error. Second, there was no direct evidence that there was anything in cigarette smoking which could, in fact, cause cancer. Both these objections have now been met. In America, with the help of the American Cancer Society, a prospective investigation covering nearly 200,000 subjects following their smoking habits and year by year analysing their deaths from all causes, has been in progress since 1951. In this country, the Medical Research Council is now in the fourth year of a smaller study into the smoking habits and deaths of the medical profession. Both these surveys have already exactly confirmed the findings of the retrospective investigations. Secondly, the search for a cancer-causing agent in cigarettes has been successful. Benzpyrene, a known cancer-causing agent, has been isolated from cigarette smoke, and condensate from cigarette smoke has been shown to produce cancers on the skin of mice.

Though cigarette smoking is undoubtedly the principal cause of the present increase in lung cancer, it is not the only cause of the disease. We have evidence that certain industrial processes, such as mining radioactive ore, nickel refining, and perhaps even ordinary coal gas manufacture carry substantially increased risks We also know that for many years the lung cancer death rates in the larger towns have been nearly double those recorded from the countryside. At one time it was thought that this could be accounted for by the known fact that more townspeople smoke very heavily than country people. But recent work seems to indicate that there is an additional risk in large towns, one affecting both smokers and non-smokers. It has long been known that some benzpyrene is present in domestic soot and can be recovered from smoky urban air It seems probable that this is the causative agent in both instances. Other possible risks like diesel exhaust fumes or the use of petrol lighters instead of matches have been investigated, but none has been found of any significance.

The danger, it is clear, comes predominantly from cigarettes. Heavy pipe or cigar smokers are under a risk somewhat higher than non-smokers but substantially below those who smoke the same weight in cigarettes. In part this may be caused because their smoke is not normally inhaled. But some recent studies have shown that cigarette smokers who do not inhale, or who believe they do not, still have a cancer rate identical with those who do. The comparative "safety" of pipes and cigars is more probably a result of their substantially lower temperature of combustion. There is evidence that the production of benzpyrene from tobacco is very much greater at the higher temperatures at which the cigarette burns.

No one can yet give precise figures for the risks at different ages and different cigarette consumptions. There are too many variables, such as the rate of smoking, the length of the stub normally discarded, and so forth. A broad calculation, based on Doll and Hill's retrospective survey, suggests that out of every group of 1,000 men reaching 40 years of age who are light smokers, 10 cigarettes or less daily, 34 will ultimately die of lung cancer. Of 1,000 moderate smokers, 11-20 cigarettes daily, 52 will die. Of 1,000 heavy smokers, more than 20 cigarettes daily, 86 will die. Of 1,000 non-smokers, by comparison, only five will get a cancer of the lung.

To give up smoking is not always the complete answer. The cancer risk relates to the amount smoked throughout life. A heavy smoker, having kippered himself for thirty years, can, by stopping, certainly reduce his risk in some degree. But he can by no means annul it. Young men and women, on the other hand, having only a few years exposure, can, if they stop, effectively take their risk down to the non-smoking level. There

can be little doubt that the proper medical advice to everyone, young people in particular, should be to give it up. But smoking is an addiction, only less noxious and tenacious than is hashish. Something much more powerful than the publication of medical statistics will be required to change our smoking habits. No doubt a national campaign supported by the government, the press and the pulpit could make a difference, but this seems an unlikely event.

Even so we need not be too gloomy about the prospects of meeting the lung cancer risk. Now attention has been turned to it, it should not be too difficult to find an answer. The plant geneticist might well produce tobaccos with lower burning temperatures; and the chemist might well discover how to detoxicate benzpyrene; the physicist might well invent us the means of filtering off the carcinogens—there is indeed already some evidence that the "nicotine" filter holder commonly in use may reduce the risk. In practice it is along these lines, or by finding a cure for cancer in general, that we are most likely to cut into the mounting death rate.

Still, society should give some careful thought to this smoking business, for we can no longer look upon it as our harmless little vice. It is certainly a killer, not only from cancer, but probably in larger numbers by its part in chronic bronchitis and, though the data here are less certain, by its part in adding to the terrifying death rate from coronary thrombosis. And when it does not kill? Does it addle the pate, or clear the mind? Does it add to the tensions of modern life, or does it calm nerves and fortify? If research in social medicine were to receive anything like the financial support it deserves we might answer these questions. In so doing we might save more lives than will ever be saved in hospital.

Honours Easy

LITERARY honours, like so much else in our culture, date from Lord Tennyson. After a hugely successful visit to Windsor in 1873, the grand and astute old artist-showman was offered a baronetcy. He replied, Sir Harold Nicolson tells us, that "he and his wife would prefer to remain Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson, but that he would be glad if Hallam, then aged 21, could be created a baronet. The suggestion was not adopted." Tennyson tried to strike a similar bargain with Disraeli the following year, without success. In 1883, however, during a cruise with the P.M., he allowed himself to be argued into a peerage. "Why," the Poet Laureate reflected, "should I be selfish and not suffer an honour to be done to literature in my name." With a seigneurial off-handedness that no ennobled man of letters has achieved since, he wrote to Mr. Gladstone:

> . . . Her Majesty might decide as to when I am to be Peered. The younger branch of my father's family who succeeded to the fortune took the name of Tennyson d'Eyncourt. Would that do? They say they are descended from the old branch of the d'Eyncourts who came in with William. . . . If they, then I. It is a small matter. I will let you know later on. . . .

Tennyson, of course, is a special case. Yet however unconsciously, he originated that technique of mock-modesty and demure refusal to accept the sovereign's first offer that has enhanced so many literary careers since his day. (The ploy acquired almost ritual significance among clergymen of the Church of England during the nineteenth century, when every potential bishop invariably went through the motions of replying "*nolo episcopari*" to the first solicitation from No. 10.) The most effective exponent of Tennyson's technique was Sir James Barrie who, with the granite tenacity of a Scots careerist, steadily refused the K.B.E. and shrewdly stuck out for something bigger until the patronage secretary, in desperation, bumped him up to a baronetcy.

With the institution of the Order of Merit in 1902, the literary hierarchy began to arrange itself. Hardy (who, engagingly, much preferred the freedom of Dorchester), Bridges, Henry James—one by one the panjandrums of Edwardian literature were gathered among the Anglo-Saxon "Immortals." Housman refused the order because he thought the lustre of the O.M. had been tarnished by its award to Bridges. (Certain tantalising parallels suggest themselves here: *e.g.*, would Dr. F. R. Leavis, if offered the O.B.E., refuse on the grounds that that decoration had been awarded to Mr. F. L. Lucas in the 1948 Honours List?)

But the real sea-green incorruptible of the literary honours stakes was Kipling. In 1900, at the tender age of 34, the author of "Tommy Atkins" repulsed Lord Salisbury's private secretary when he appeared at Rottingdean to offer him a knighthood. In 1917 his cousin, Stanley Baldwin, told Kipling he might have any honour he would accept. He replied that he would accept nothing. Thereafter he refused the O.M. three times, assuring George V that he could serve the Crown better without any title or decoration. Meanwhile the great anti-Establishment writers of the period—Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Belloc, Arnold Bennett—took care to keep well outside the honours orbit, and this distinguished tradition has been maintained in our day by Mr. J. B. Priestley.

To look at our present literary Establishment in the light of recent Honours Lists is to realise that the mind of the patronage secretary is as inscrutable as the Sphinx, his choices, omissions (and fantastic resuscitations) as mysterious as the Etruscan alphabet. That imponderable C.H. of Miss V. Sackville-West's, for instance. A fine poet, a distinguished biographer, certainly, but do her writings, as the stockbrokers say, really stand so much over par as to compare with those of Mr. E. M. Forster or Miss Compton-Burnett (C.B.E. 1951)? As for Mr. Forster himself, he forms part of a beautifully executed minuet of literary precedence that has been playing itself out since 1948 when Mr. T. S. Eliot was awarded the O.M. ("It is not often," boasted a *Daily Express* leader-writer, with the pride of legitimate philistinism, "that you see the name of a poet on this page.") In the same list Mr. Walter de la Mare was awarded the Companionship of Honour. In 1953 Mr. de la Mare was stepped up to O.M. and Mr. Forster given his C.H. On this calculation of probabilities, it looks as though the literary honours punter can safely put his money on Mr. Forster for the O.M. stakes in 1958.

Around these major planets revolves the satellite system of literary knighthoods—good, middling and indifferent "Ks," a mixed bag of brilliance and mediocrity headed by that professional human being, Sir Harold Nicolson, with a rosy K.C.V.O. Surrounding them in their turn is the vast concentric belt of C.B.E.s. This decoration presents a 64-dollar death-trap question to the literary lifeman. To take or not to take one's C.B.E.? The fountain of literary honour is notoriously fickle (incidentally, why on earth has it never played over Mr. Charles Morgan?), but the experts tell me that there is one golden rule of thumb. For a civil servant a "C" is a step to a "K"; for the workaday writer or artist with honours aspirations it may mark a terrible *cul-de-sac*. Writers or artists who earn their "C" for services outside literature—as Dr. C. P. Snow earned his at the Ministry of Labour or Mr. Isaiah Berlin for his wartime work in our Washington Embassy—may be a pretty safe bet for an accolade. On the other hand, it may well be that Miss C. V. Wedgwood, Mr. L. P. Hartley and Mr. Raymond Mortimer would have done better to take a lesson from Barrie.

The literary mystery of the year is the recent C.B.E. meted out to Sir Osbert Sitwell—a pathetically inadequate decoration for such an aristocrat of letters. Many of Sir Osbert's admirers believe it should have been awarded 30 years ago—preferably after those services to the State during the General Strike which he has set forth at large in Volume III of his autobiography. My own explanation (for what it is worth) is that a Cabinet consisting largely of old Etonian incompetents wished (very properly) to administer a public wigging to the fifth-form *enfant terrible* who is on record in *Who's Who* as having been "educated in the holidays from Eton." (The tendency to strike a lighter note in *Who's Who* should be resisted by any writer who aims at literary decorations. We shall never know how many times the C.B.E. has been withheld from Mr. Henry Green as a result of that unlucky entry under *Recreations*: "Romancing over the bottle, to a good band.")

The science of life, said the Duc de Saint-Simon, is "*savoir accorder à chacun ce qui lui est dû*." To achieve this in terms of literary prestige is as hard a task as any in the history of human protocol. Who but the Nine themselves know what is due to each smallholder on the slopes of Parnassus? Only a genius with a blending of Beau Nash, the Recording Angel and Professor Saintsbury in his make-up could hope to perform the job properly. In the meantime all we can do is to try to integrate as many amenable writers as possible into the cultural Establishment and, by jumbling them up with the rear-admirals, First Secretaries, Crown auditors, royal horse-doctors and political servicewomen, hope that they will eventually shake down in the national melting-pot.

Yet, in an imperfect world, who can resist the castles of imagination? Laid up in each of our minds is the pure Platonic Idea of a literary honours list, with each claim adjusted and no tittle of recognition gone astray. My own—it includes a scheme for automatically decorating retiring Reith Lecturers (O.B.E.) and outgoing Chairmen of the B.B.C. Critics (B.E.M) besides a Dutch auction system for de-moting rebarbative men of letters—is scheduled *circa* 1966: the first year of the Boothby-Crossman Coalition. Though I am constantly revising the details, I muse fondly on the high-lights: the Garter for Mr. Waugh, a D.B.E. to Miss Mitford (for "services to lexicography"), the Companionship of Honour for Mr. Robert Graves, Monsignor Knox and Mr. Aldous Huxley, and a well-deserved O.B.E. for Mr. Irving Kristol.

JOHN RAYMOND

NEXT WEEK

Riot in Istanbul
DOROTHY WOODMAN

Capitalism and Coal
JOHN HUGHES

James Joyce's *Ulysses*
A Reassessment by V. S. PRITCHETT

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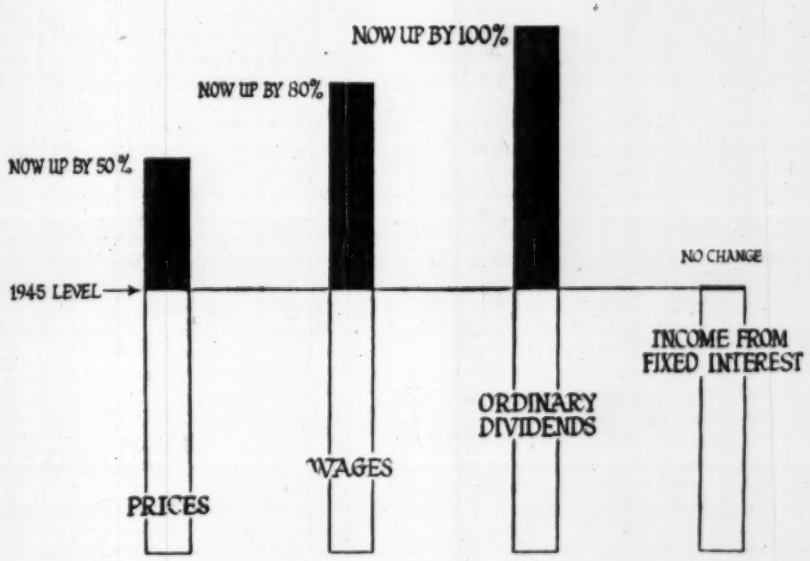

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N92/D

Fleet Street Notebook

SIR ANTHONY EDEN has made one record as prime minister. So far as I know, he is the only premier who has found it necessary, less than eight months after a handsome election victory, to issue a public statement denying that he is being forced to resign by his party. The immediate occasion for the denial was a report in the right-wing German newspaper, *Die Welt*, and a similar front-page story in the *People*, which is available in an early edition on Saturday evening. Normally, no one would have thought it worth while to deny stories of this kind. But, by Saturday evening, the situation—at least in Sir Anthony's eyes—had ceased to be normal. For nearly a week he had been the target of a spate of press criticism, such as no Conservative premier has had to face for a long time.

The attack began with a preparatory rumble from *The Times* on January 2. Before that, it is true, there had been some persistent sharpshooting from *Punch* and the *Spectator*, but not enough to make even the most sensitive of prime ministers do more than put on a brave smile before his friends. As a matter of fact, *The Times*' leader was not a personal attack on Sir Anthony. But it did, in the course of a general homily in the current *Times* manner on the need for a reassertion of "the old virtues and standards," refer to the government's "lost grip." It went on to declare that unless it showed more evidence of "high purpose," the people "will dismiss them from office."

That was Monday. By Tuesday the real storm had broken. The *Daily Mail*, which is, as a general policy, now developing a much tougher and more independent line, let go with a leading article "Taking Off The Lid." This accused the government of "delay and indecisiveness" and declared roundly that the government had only itself to blame for "a scandal and a crisis."

It was from the normally sedate and friendly *Daily Telegraph* that the most dangerous onslaught came. The *Telegraph* used two barrels: a feature article, by its deputy editor, Mr. Donald McLachlan—formerly of the *Economist* and *The Times*—and a leader. Mr. McLachlan opened with words Sir Anthony can hardly have expected to find in so faithful an adherent as the *Telegraph*. "Why," he asked, "are the men who triumphed at the polls last May now under a cloud of disfavour with their own supporters? Why are Conservatives around the country restive, and ministers and backbenchers unenraptured with their leader?" He then set out three criticisms of the Prime Minister himself. These were: "First that he is relying too much in home affairs on the technique of smoothing and fixing which are the essence of skilled diplomacy. Secondly, that he is not cultivating Mr. Attlee's superb disregard for personal popularity. Thirdly, that he looks too much over the shoulder of his foreign secretary." Mr. McLachlan's most damaging sentence—because it evoked memories in all who have heard Sir Anthony Eden at Conservative rallies—was, however, one that dealt with a favourite oratorical trick of the Prime Minister, the clenching of one fist to smack the open palm of the other hand. "But the smack," commented Mr. McLachlan, "is seldom heard." The *Telegraph*'s leading article was no less outspoken. "In the first seven months of its life," said its opening sentence, "the present Government has lost both decisiveness and prestige." The following day the hunt was taken up by the *Daily Sketch*. "Whither Eden?" it asked and went on to report that the view was now widely held that "Eden will do nothing unless he is shoved into it, that in the business of leadership he drifts rather than makes decisions." Naturally, the *Mirror* ("Eden Is A Flop") and *Herald* joined in.

Saturday night's official denial of Sir Anthony's intention to resign, supported by a freudianly loyal statement from Mr. Butler before he flew off for a holiday on the Riviera, has not brought this rather strange episode to an end. Both the *Mail* and the *Telegraph*, it is true, now show some signs of being slightly appalled by the storm they have roused. They are at present busily protesting their fundamental loyalty to the Conservative government and even to Sir Anthony himself. But the *Observer* claimed on its front page that the "'Eden Must Go' Move Grows," and the *Sunday Dispatch*, in a survey of the views of 500 Conservative voters in 50 towns, reported that 361 of them said the Government had lost popularity and 175 wanted Sir Anthony replaced. In Taunton, one of the constituencies where a by-election is pending, seven out of ten of the Conservative voters questioned wanted a new Prime Minister. So far only two supporters for Eden have emerged: the *News Chronicle*, which believes he must be given more time before judgment is passed, and the Beaverbrook press. The *Daily Express* and *Sunday Express* are demanding "Hands Off Eden." This can hardly bring Sir Anthony much comfort. In the past only those Conservative leaders whom Lord Beaverbrook has attacked have flourished: his support has usually proved the kiss of political death.

The mystery of why the criticisms should have blown up so quickly and with such force remains. What set it off? There was not, as some of Sir Anthony's advisers seem to have persuaded themselves, any press plot—indeed, the only press plotter on the grand scale, Lord Beaverbrook, was for once on his side.

What seems to have happened is that for some time the *Daily Telegraph* has been receiving letters and reports indicating a mood of growing despair in the Conservative constituency parties about the effects of the credit squeeze and the rising cost of living. This has been swollen by stories, taken back to their constituents by M.P.s during the recess, of the Prime Minister's vanity and indecision. The criticisms of key party workers are said, moreover, to extend to all the principal members of the government—though Sir Anthony gets most of the blame—with the exception of Lord Salisbury. There was no collusion between the *Telegraph* and the *Mail*. But the fact that the attack was not deliberately co-ordinated can bring no particular comfort to the Prime Minister. The thing that should really worry him is that the newspapers concerned found that their criticisms won an immediate response in the country, indeed, so large and frightening a response that they are now desperately anxious to bottle up the genie they released.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Hangover in Colombia

A GLASS of iced rum and lemon at Kingston, Jamaica, and then *El Colombiano* flew us off across the dying evening sea into black clouds, the night and South America. There was a tray of thinly scattered, weak lights at Cartagena and we stepped out of the plane into air that was like hot black treacle and were rimed all over with sweat before we had reached the Customs. The Colombian coast is tropical, the interior is either the little known jungle of the upper Amazon or cold, drizzling tableland ten thousand feet up, crossed by the beginning of the double Andean backbone. That moment of arrival alerts the eye for triviality. I have an impression of white suits, black faces, of a gentle lassitude in the people whose voices either whispered thickly or had the bird-like twitter of the Caribbean. The officials were sensitive to any passing distraction: if they started examining your papers, your luggage, they left them at once for someone else's, in a smiling dream of continual obliging. The one automatic action was swatting insects. These arrived as pretty as Spitfires and were down one's neck and up one's trousers in a moment. The whole airport was swatting unconsciously.

Cartagena is a walled Spanish town. We drove for miles along a terrible, spring-breaking road, with the sea crashing heavily nearby. We came out into a Californian suburb. Swatting was going on in the bar of the hotel, too. It was empty except for the Negro barman and two friends who leaned, apparently asleep, but really watching him. The barman seemed to be in a trance; in fact, he was considering a campaign against a gnat of some kind on the counter. His hand was on it and he had some trick with double-jointed fingers which slowly got ready while he himself affected to be looking elsewhere. The slowness, delicacy and passivity of the approach were dramatic. Then, with a snap he got the creature and rolled his eyes. The men with their heads lying on their hands at the bar, rolled their eyes too and moved an inch or two along towards the barman. In about twenty minutes they had moved in close to study his art, but no one in that time spoke a word. They simply sighed and wagged their heads at every kill. In the thick heat it was exhausting to wag the head, and only created more sweat in the creases of one's neck or the dewpond below the Adam's apple.

In Cartagena all offices, shops and rooms have a wall missing; they are open to the street or to a courtyard because of the heat. I saw my first South American politico there, sitting under a fan, in a newspaper office. He whispered and lisped in a modest, gentle, almost incomprehensible way, showing two gold front teeth, the only ones in his upper jaw, and talked about Proust and modern English literature, and about those remote sad memories of educated Colombian life: liberalism, democracy, liberty. He was, in fact, a famous man, a party leader, and had been, I believe, a president of the republic, but Colombia has had so many. The South American politico (I was to discover) despite the crude and cheery contempt of them one meets in British and American commercial circles, is usually a subtle character. This man was ashamed of the history of Colombia in the last seven years. The best educated, the most parliamentary of the South American republics, with a civilian democratic tradition, Colombia has passed through a horrifying phase of civil war, massacre and political tyranny close to the Franco kind. There is a political police on the Nazi model. They are now tamed after the ferocities they committed at the time of the murder of Gaitan, and the country is politically quiet under the dying dictatorship of General Rojas. But the best newspaper in Colombia is still suppressed and everywhere there is resentment and unease.

With Peru and Ecuador, Colombia is deeply in the Spanish tradition. It is the most purely Spanish of the group, a colonial county with some Negro and Caribbean population but little other immigration. The man in charge of the shrine

Earthquakes to order

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on the hill above Cartagena introduced himself to me with the words "My family has been pure Catalan since 1802 and has never mixed with any other blood." All Colombians of Spanish stock still insist on the myth of "limpieza." But the Colombians are most Spanish in their anarchic passion for abstract ideas, for their fanaticism for or against religion and their periodic intransigence in politics. The Church, usually weak and mild in South America, has, here, its violent elements. Fanatics have encouraged the burning of protestant churches. An official book has been written denying this and the elaboration of the denial, the astonishing quotations in defence, can convey only the mad conclusion that the protestants did it themselves. Yet, how does one explain the educated, civilised, pacific democratic tradition in Colombia? It is there, too; but underneath, the old Spanish conflict between centralisation and regionalism, the conflict between absolute authority and local anarchy is liable to lose its equilibrium. There is a time when the ultramontane or the demagogue breaks it; the end of the world war was just such a moment. The Colombian Nazis thought to attract the United States by saying that all liberals were Communists; they made the naive mistake of saying protestants were the same!

The traditional conflict between conservatives and liberals is a 19th-century intellectual quarrel, a hangover from the ideas of the French revolution; a colonial fixation—it might be compared in this respect to New England's snobbery and puritanism—and is run by groups of colonial families. South America is emerging from one hundred and fifty years of family war, having no international wars to distract it. The ideas have long lost any European connotation; they are ghosts. Left and right, in our sense, have no native meaning. The savagery of the Nazi-Fascist-Franco reaction in the last seven years can be seen, in part, as a "realistic" attempt to modernise politics, i.e., to use the power put into the hands of central governments by imported modern arms—the tank, the machine gun, the aeroplane. The occasion is growing prosperity, rising city standards, inflation, the sudden technical modernisation of this and all other South American countries. The factions use the mass of the people and, in time of anarchy, these turn into victims first and into guerillas, bandits and criminals later. The process is horrifyingly described in Daniel Caicedo's remarkable novel *Viento Seco*. It is less a novel than a plain report. It tells one precisely how enlightened Colombia became the most murderous of the South American republics.

I flew across the tableland and the mountains to the Pacific side and to the inland town of Cali. That week-end, in the local paper, I counted some 20 murders. It is sugar growing country. The people drink *aguardiente* made of molasses and then kill each other—men and women. The machete is always handy. As the waiter at Cartagena said: "In the interior, plenty of knife-work." Cartagena is gay and respectable, but (he said) at the annual masked fiesta at Barranquilla, the police obliged the people to wear numbers on their costumes, so they could identify who fired the revolver or stabbed. I noted two non-alcoholic murders: a politician had his cheeks and nose slashed off while out fishing and a dealer, riding his mule along the road, beat to death an employee who said he owed him wages. These crimes are the aftermath of the village massacres. The human vampire described in Caicedo's work is now in a Cali gaol. Trials take years. A priest, when I was there, had started a campaign for the institution of the death penalty—"as in more civilised and advanced countries." As the liberal press said, the real answer is to make the courts function.

What I have just written—it must be remembered—is the impression of a passing traveller. The contrasts in South America are violent and cannot be balanced. One new and important civilising agency is the aeroplane. Without it I would have spent a week on a river steamer on the Magdalena river getting up to Bogotá, the capital; and there seemed to be no way of getting across the high mountains down to the rich, sub-tropical valley of the Cauca where the booming town of Cali stands. These towns have only a few miles of motor road for their Cadillacs, the rest is not much more than track. The great number of public and private air routes is breaking the isolation of the regions which has helped civil strife, preserved old family hatreds and unreal political habits.

Cali is a boom town. It is a pretty place lying on either side of a romantic ravine under the mountains. Until a few years ago the only houses were the single-storey colonial Spanish houses, with green shutters and painted wooden grilles to the windows, for hard wood replaces the Spanish iron; but now a commercial square has been built, tall buildings are going up. There are a luxury hotel, fine new school buildings, an immense hospital and a luxurious popular club with a swimming pool, gymnasium, restaurant, even a small zoo, which any English satellite town would give its eyes to have. Outside there may be huge, waterless and typhus-infected villages, the shack warrens of South American misery; but in the city the wealth grows, the Cadillacs crowd the streets, the beautiful women are well dressed, the young executives drink expensive whisky and buy the best modern furniture for their houses. In the new bookshops you buy Kierkegaard, Freud, Marx, Graham Greene; the sale of books is brisk and the customers are up to the minute in European literature. Cali has its writers, its scholars; it has just got its second psychiatrist. A survivor of the terrible massacre at the Liberal Club in Cali a few years ago, he said that the primitives who commit the outrages do not dream. I would not care to be a psychiatrist in Cali. This year the town has got enough electric power, and everyone is proud of the neon signs, suspended across the narrow Spanish streets, which at night turn them into coloured comics advertising K.L.G. plugs, Goodyear tyres, Philips radio and bicarbonate of soda; the dangerous streets are made safe by the brilliance of small commerce and foreign agencies. Driven from the countryside by fear, attracted to the town by money and light, the peasantry pour in. "Next year," the doctor said, proudly pointing to the new roads on the outskirts of the town, "We hope to have our first traffic lights."

Colombia, like the rest of South America, has become modern in one jump; and in Colombia the leap is being made by a very hard-working, imaginative and intelligent people. The shocks have to be absorbed by the traveller; the sight of the old lady carrying her machete like a silver salver between her fingers on the country road; the rat that runs round the feet of the dancers at a restaurant—"Oh," they smile, "look. A rat." The waiter smiles, too. "Yes, a rat"—or the crowd trying to get into the tumbledown police station for labour permits, permits to travel, in that old war of the poor with a poor out-of-date bureaucracy. Colombia—most of South America, too—is at the exciting stage of the frontier period in the history of the United States. It is recklessly breaking out of the 19th century.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Arts and Entertainment

A Political Farce

IT is rather surprising to me, now that I have seen it, that the reports which filtered across to us on Sartre's recent play *Nekrassov* should have been as hostile as I remember them being. No doubt its politics were largely responsible for its poor reception. Then, too, we are evidently lucky in seeing a version cut from four to three hours (and it could still do with some shredding). But the play, in which Sartre wades in among the anti-Soviet groups and lays about them with a will, is, if superficial, certainly immensely spirited and entertaining.

The protagonist, Georges de Valéra, is a first-class crook at the end of his tether. When we first hear of him, indeed, he is in the Seine, and two down-and-outs are debating whether to throw him a life-line or to leave him to drown and steal his jacket. For deciding on the humane alternative they are rewarded only with a stringent dose of Sartrean abuse. Who are they, starving good-for-nothings, to think they can play the role of gods and decide a man's destiny for him? Damn their vanity! Well, why did he grasp the line if he felt like that? Because he was human, and the human condition was stronger than the original act of choice. But if only they had left him alone, he would now be past the moment of weakness; eternity was in sight, and they irresponsibly snatched it away from him. So, in phrases sharply turned with a sly look over the shoulder at the author's own earlier doctrines, we are off to a good start on the rampage which will take Georges into the offices of *Soir à Paris* at the moment when the Editor is stumped for a circulation-raising scoop.

Its famous Page Five, which wages the daily crusade against Communism, is running out of ideas. Its mild little feature-writer, Sibilot, is peremptorily ordered, not for the first time, to find something startling or go, and Georges hiding from the police is what he finds. For Georges in an eye-patch proposes to pass himself off as Nekrassov, the Soviet Minister of the Interior who was lately rumoured to be out of favour and going into exile. Sibilot clutches the straw and, in one of the more brilliant scenes of the play, holds off the inspector who has traced Georges to his flat. The inspector is anyhow convinced in advance that he will never find Georges; Georges is so clever and he is so mediocre. But he recognises in Sibilot a soul-mate in mediocrity, and, settling down to an exchange of mediocrities, forgets all about his prey. *Soir à Paris* is entranced with its Nekrassov, the biggest catch of the political season, and Georges, from the superb apartment put at his disposal by the Directors on the Avenue Georges V, rules smart Paris with all the aplomb of the latest celebrity.

So far M. Sartre has conducted his case like a virtuoso with a dazzling display of intellectual knock-about and political farce; but it is the knock-about of an exciting mind and the politics are dangerously real. Altogether less easy is winding down the tension from its high pitch. And here one feels the clamp of M. Sartre's new allegiance holding him on the wrong straight. An attack of conscience over the dismissal of half-a-dozen typists is not in the crook's character, and even farce has its rigid laws of truth. The false notes multiply and the comic tension slackens and we are conscious of a sag into the very thing one would have counted on this author to avoid—the all too predictable.

It is sad to see M. Sartre with all these signs of brilliance in his sky falling into the trap of the obvious. In *Nekrassov* there is still quite enough of the unregenerate Sartre to keep the comic ball rolling almost to the end. But about his future one can only wonder. Of course the sympathisers applaud, and that is what is so bad for the convert who may not notice that they applaud more loudly the more obvious he is. Sympathisers (of whatever complexion) are the worst kind of audience; they resemble more nearly the spectators at all-in wrestling than those at a display of amateur boxing. They are not interested in the finer points of the game. What they want to see is blood; what they want to hear are the groans of the victims and the banging of heads on canvas. In propaganda the Queensberry rules do not apply.

The worst effect of his new allegiance from our point of view is that M. Sartre has felt bound to give his play to the Unity Theatre. They have put their very best foot forward; they have obtained a sharp and pointed translation from Sylvia and George Leeson; the acting is of a higher standard than it has recently been there. But still it remains a fact that they are amateurs and do not command the time or the resources or the talent to give the play an adequate showing. Messrs. Bruce Taylor, Brian Jones, Roger Woodis and especially Bernard Goldman, do their best but it is not really enough. We are left, in the end, to guess at the pleasure which a professional performance would give. But at least we are able to guess that it would be immense; the play is as full of witty invention as of witty lines. In any case, I suppose, one may wonder who, if Unity had not staged it, would have been brave enough to do so.

T. C. WORSLEY

Die Frau ohne Schatten

IT begins to look as though *Die Frau ohne Schatten* will never reach England. To cast the opera from our native resources is unfortunately out of the question, and no visiting company would care to burden itself with a stage spectacle so cumbrous. We must therefore be grateful to the BBC, who transmitted on New Year's Day, and are to repeat on January 29, a recording of a performance given last summer at Munich. The quality of the sound was not very good, though it improved as the opera went on; and the performance itself, somewhat listlessly conducted by George Sebastian, was unequal; but at any rate the English listener was given a chance, if not a very favourable one, to make up his own mind about the value of a much debated work.

When Hofmannsthal first sketched the idea, Strauss responded with enthusiasm; but after composing two of the three acts he felt that he was on the wrong path. Characterisation was his strength, and here there were no characters, only bloodless symbols. "Figures like the Emperor and the Empress, and the Nurse too," he complained, "cannot be filled with red blood-corpuscles like a Marschallin, an Octavian, an Ochs. Tax my brain as I will, my heart is only half in it; and when the head has to take over the bulk of the work, a touch of academic coldness (what my wife rightly calls 'music-spinning') gets in—something that no bellows can blow up to a real fire." His whole inclination, he said, lay in the direction of naturalistic comedy with real people—whether lyrical, as in the *Rosenkavalier*, or burlesque, as in Offenbach: indeed, he felt it in him to become the Offenbach of the twentieth century. "My tragic side is exhausted [*ausgepumpt*] . . . besides, I am now really the only composer who has humour and wit and a decided talent for parody." *Die Frau ohne Schatten* must accordingly be the last of their romantic operas; the true path was that "new style" which Hofmannsthal himself so much admired: the graceful, easy, flowing, light-fingered, conversational style of certain parts of *Der Rosenkavalier* and of the Prelude to *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

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But boiled sweets did not always shine so bright. Once (long ago, it is true) the sugar confectioners were vexed by the crystallising of the sugar in their sweets, which dulled their surfaces and spoiled their translucency. The first attempt to cure the trouble was by adding cream of tartar and so 'inverting' enough of the sugar to prevent crystallisation. That did stop the crystallising to some extent, but invert sugar is hygroscopic—it absorbs moisture from the air, and makes the sweets that contain it damp and sticky. Surprisingly enough, the answer to the problem came from starch: glucose, made from starch, proved to be the ideal crystal inhibitor. Itself an energy-providing food, glucose affords a colloidal medium in which sugar crystals cannot form. Its use for this purpose in sugar confectionery is now the largest single use of glucose.

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In later years Strauss came to feel for *Die Frau ohne Schatten* the protective tenderness often felt by artists for their less popular offspring; nevertheless, there was truth in his earlier strictures. The opera contains much that is attractive and impressive, and some scenes that are genuinely moving; but the total effect is uncertain and somewhat baffling: the music lacks the clinching, decisive gesture which opera demands. The personages and situations stimulated Strauss's imagination in a general way, but did not lead to the invention of pregnant and memorable themes: evidently he did not "see" them as he saw Clytemnestra or Don Quixote, or even so purely fanciful a picture as the arrival of the youthful Bacchus across the glittering Aegean. The truth was that Hofmannsthal's fable, full of subtleties and literary charm as it is, was less suited to the stage than to prose narrative, as he himself saw when he recast it in the form of a short novel. Like Goethe and Michael Tippett, Hofmannsthal had been seized by the idea of creating "another *Magic Flute*." He did not put it so crudely as that: his text was to be no imitation but something roughly analogous, bearing the same relation to *The Magic Flute* as *Der Rosenkavalier* to *Figaro*. Again we find an aristocratic couple and an everyday couple; but their inter-relationship is closer and more complex than that of the Mozartian or Tippettian couples. In the centre stands the Empress, a being uneasily poised between three worlds—spirit, animal and human—whose infertility and imperfect humanity are symbolised by her lack of a shadow; the action shows her, together with her wicked Nurse, "buying" a shadow, in return for promises of luxury and sensual delight, from the discontented wife of a good and honest peasant named Barak. The last act culminates in a dramatic and spectacular climax which consists, as usual with such operas, in an ordeal: the Empress proves her new humanity by refusing, come what may, to ruin the humble lives of Barak and his wife; and all then ends happily, with the voices of unborn children swelling a rather commonplace final ensemble.

Despite wonderful moments, the characters are too vaguely defined, their actions and motives too obscure, for the demands of the stage. It is significant that the most beautiful parts of the score are concerned with the only person who has a name, the peasant Barak. Strauss, who confessed himself defeated by the priggish Joseph of his Biblical ballet and concluded that "virtue was not much in his line," has nevertheless drawn in Barak a man of great goodness, warmth and simplicity of soul. Beside him, the others seem abstractions, with the partial exception of his wife, whose teasing, fretful, yet not fundamentally ill-natured character is suggested by scherzando passages reminiscent of *Till Eulenspiegel*. With the utmost caution, Hofmannsthal had hinted to Strauss that in this character there might be something of the notoriously capricious and difficult Frau Strauss; and perhaps the composer remembered this when, for his next stage work, he wrote his own text for an autobiographical "bourgeois comedy", *Intermezzo*; this is an amusing account of the domestic life of a certain "Kapellmeister Storch" whose identity no one in the Vienna or Dresden of those days could miss. *Intermezzo* is not quite Offenbach, but it does push a little further that airy conversational style which was Strauss's special operatic discovery. After an unfortunate relapse in *Die ägyptische Helena*, he and Hofmannsthal returned to a gayer and more civilised milieu in *Arabella*. But the apotheosis of the new Strauss style was not to be seen until long after Hofmannsthal's death, in *Capriccio*, the fine-textured "Conversation-piece for Music" of the composer's ripe old age. It is odd that he and Hofmannsthal never whole-heartedly pursued the path indicated by the delightful *Ariadne*. What delicate, fantastic comedies we might have had in place of *Helena* and the all too bulky *Frau*! The voices of the unborn children might almost be the voices of these insubstantial and unwritten masterpieces.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

AN EVENING WITH

Robert Burns

(SONGS AND POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS)

The Saltire Music Group
(Director: Hans Oppenheim)

IAN GILMOUR and META FORREST
(Speakers)

MARGARET FRASER *(Soprano)*
CONSTANCE MULLAY *(Contralto)*
DUNCAN ROBERTSON *(Tenor)*
FREDERICK WESTCOTT *(Baritone)*

INTRODUCTION: from the Epistle to John Lapraik
SONGS: The Learig; My luve she's but a lassie yet; My hairt is sair; Scots wha hae; Ca' the yowes; Comin' thro' the Rye; Gone are the joys of the morning; My Spouse Nancy
POEMS: Tam O'Shanter; Mary Morrison; John Anderson, my Jo; To a mouse; Sic a wife as Willie had

The Zorian String Quartet
with Hans Oppenheim (Piano)

Extracts from "The Jolly Beggars"

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The Patient Chairman

THE Independent Television Authority, under whose ægis the commercial programmes are put out, is housed in tranquil splendour, far from the chaotic bustle of Television House, in a Kensington mansion that was formerly the residence of a series of American ambassadors. This environment is more sumptuous and more traditional than that enjoyed by the heads of BBC television. The chairman, Sir Kenneth Clark, works in a stately, pine-panelled room in which hang a few good pictures—a magnificent Turner of Folkestone (in smoke, mist and/or sea-spray), an Alexander Cozens, a Piper. By a coincidence, it was Sir Kenneth himself who, twenty years ago, advised Mr. Mellon to install the panelling in this very room as a background for his Rembrandts.

In an American palace of big business, such a room might be provided for a tycoon by a slick decorator; but it is a natural habitat for Sir Kenneth, one of the outstandingly civilised Britons of the twentieth century. It is piquantly anomalous that such a room should be the ultimate seat of responsibility for the worst, as well as the best, in commercial television.

Sir Kenneth himself seems aware of the anomaly, but is content to be patient, seeing this first phase of ITV as a passing phase only, and a certain initial "playing down" as a necessary part of a long-term strategy with loftier ends. "One's got to swallow one's pride," he says, in his brisk, friendly, birdlike way, not too tragically. "There are some bad moments. But you've got to get a public first. *Then* you can build up programmes of lasting value."

He insists that it is impossible to judge the balance of the commercial programmes as a whole until at least four stations are operating—i.e., later this year. The ITA attempted to secure that balance (required by the Act) by allocating the stations to programme-companies directed by men whose experience and preferences were in varying fields. The emphasis has so far seemed to be overwhelmingly on mass-entertainment largely because the week-end programmes for the London region were allocated to Associated Tele-Vision, which is directed by such experts in mass-entertainment as Mr. Prince Littler, Mr. Val Parnell, and the fabulous and ebullient Mr. Harry Alan Towers. This allocation was not, of course, accidental: as Sir Robert Fraser (the ITA's Director-General) puts it, "with respect to the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, we believe that, on the whole, people do like light entertainment at the week-ends." But Sir Kenneth points out that other programme-companies will have other emphases: Associated British Cinemas (Birmingham, week-ends) has specialised in "Elstree-type" films and documentaries; Mr. Sidney Bernstein (Manchester) "has gone in for *actualités*" . . . and so on. "It all depends on the network."

When Parliament provided for "a proper balance" in the commercial programmes, most MPs probably supposed, no doubt quite vaguely, that this meant a balance within each programme-company's output. Sir Kenneth Clark's concept of a balance within a network of at least four or six stations is at least nearer to this possible intention of the Act than the naive suggestion (recently disclosed here) that the balance should be assessed over television as a whole, and that ITV should concentrate on mass-entertainment, leaving the more serious stuff to the BBC.

This suggestion was Mr. Littler's. Sir Kenneth repudiates it explicitly. "It is a rational view," he remarks, "and, like everything that Mr. Littler says, eminently sensible; but I don't think it's what the Act means."

Programme-company bosses who stray into the field of high policy may expect such gentle raps over the knuckle as this; but, in general, ITA is understandably averse from any open breach with the programme-companies. If these misbehave, if they put out programmes contrary to "good taste or decency," Sir Kenneth recognises "an inescapable responsibility under the Act." The problem is *how* to intervene. "We can't use a blunderbuss: we must use peaceful persuasion—with, perhaps, a blunderbuss in the cupboard. I'm sure Bob Fraser was right to make the programme-companies feel they are our partners."

Since critics have almost unanimously noted continuing elements contrary to good taste and decency in certain programmes, is it to be assumed that ITA has not intervened? Not necessarily. These programmes may have weeks or months to run, and ITA's powers hardly extend to the setting-aside of contractual obligations. If, however, such a programme were to vanish from the screen—and if it were a programme with an extremely high viewer-rating—it is unlikely that the programme-company would have dropped it voluntarily. . . . But it is equally unlikely, in view of the delicacy of the task of maintaining friendly relations with the companies, that the ITA would take public credit for a high-minded but possibly unpopular act of censorship.

So far, most of ITA's representations to the companies on the content of programmes have been informal and *ad hoc* rather than general. Indeed, the first formal inquest or review of programmes broadcast during the first three months of ITV will take place next Tuesday. Apart from the policy of suspending general judgment until the network can be surveyed as a whole, the ITA has been "too busy with institutional matters" for leisured consideration of programmes.

There have been plenty of these other worries and problems. One of the immediate, but not unexpected, worries is a sharp recession in advertisers' support of the programmes. "Too many people rushed in to advertise at first," says Sir Kenneth, "and then found that the coverage was smaller than they had hoped. Now we hear a

'melancholy, long, withdrawing roar. . . .' But the tide is turning." Coverage has rapidly increased; Gallup reports "staggering" sales of two sample products; many of the withdrawers are expected to return. But how will the north-country businessmen respond, when their time comes? They are cannier than Londoners.

It seems unlikely, however, that any of the existing companies will be unable to climb out of the present trough. (ATV is probably making money, anyway.) Should there be such a failure, the financing of substitute programmes might provide a use for some of the £750,000 a year which the Postmaster-General may grant to the ITA. Some surprise was caused by the issue last week of a brief announcement that "no such payments have so far been made, and none are at present in view." A strong case would have to be put up to the Treasury to obtain one. The grants were intended either for the financing of programmes in case of a contractor's failure or for the financing of programmes of merit unlikely to be put out by the programme-companies. It was thought at first that religious programmes might be in this category, but the companies have shown no reluctance to produce them. A grant might, perhaps, be devoted to the production of a series of Shakespeare plays, without "natural breaks" for commercials (and if a contractor says "How about my audience?", Sir Kenneth's answer is that a TV audience is recaptured as quickly as it's lost); or to some long-term exploratory or research project.

However, this is one of Sir Kenneth's remoter problems; and it has, in any case, lately been discovered that, even if a grant were obtained, it would be impossible (owing to a mistake in the drafting of the Act) to spend it. In this respect, therefore, if not in others, the ITA may be said to be in the position of the optimist who wins the pools weekly in his day-dreams.

TOM DRIBERG

The Clair Touch

"Summer Manoeuvres", at the Academy

"The Phenix City Story", at Warner's

"The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing", at the Rialto

Summer Manoeuvres—gay title; and at once we are swept into the enchantment of a provincial town "before the first war," dragoons going by with a band, windows opening, heads turned in more senses than one, leanings, glances, all the promises of distraction. A tombola, a ball, walks, trysts, the band in the park, the sword handed out of the early morning window to an officer hurrying back to duty, some scandal certainly, and perhaps a wedding. To such René Clair has brought all his charm, and "all" in his case is beguiling indeed; especially as he tastes here, for the first time, the mild, fresh excitement of Colour. M. Gérard Philipe leads the column, breaks—or cracks, should it be?—most hearts. His performances are no secret in the mess; in fact there they are rehearsed; and before this arcadian interlude gives way to their departure on manoeuvres, his companions wager a dinner—duly drawn up and signed—to the effect that he won't obtain the favours of a certain lady newly arrived from Paris (Michele Morgan) before the day of departure. The tone of the whole piece is that of a funnier, frillier *Così Fan Tutte*; none better able to maintain it than Clair. His camera picks out faultlessly a sequence through streets, a milliner's parlour, couples embowered under Japanese lanterns. Two ladies, dressed up for an occasion, pass, and only after passing realise what we have seen at once: identical yellow hats. The lover smashes a cup, and buys new cups: and one of *those* the fiancé smashes. The shrieks of an early gramophone engross a tea-party. A duel between comrades ends with one falling, then the other's contrition is suddenly upset by the dead man springing to his feet with a smile. Clair has regained his touch; and yet. . . .

A new Clair film has been for me, longer than I care to think, an occasion of mixed feelings. His first talkies I quite fell in love with, and still cherish: the romantic gaiety of *Sous les Toits*, *Le Million*, *A Nous la Liberté* (the romance of political satire), *Quatorze Juillet*. To these I soon added that last of the silents—which seems to resume them all—*The Italian Straw Hat*. In a way (see how one accepts the English title!) I suppose this was his masterpiece; he could go beyond it, but not for long and not very far. We couldn't know this in 1933. The disappointment so many have felt with a Clair who has made 11 films since, will not be easily understood unless one remembers how *Sous les Toits* dawned on young audiences with something of the discovery of the early Browning, of a Bizet come to town, of—I'm trying to think of a novelist, but is there one? Clair introduced to the cinema the light love lyric, and like most love poets he died young.

Now, in his fifties, returned to France, he hankers after youth—in the story of Faust; after golden silence which, with Maurice Chevalier, proved gilt. *Summer Manoeuvres* goes back to the lady and the hussar of *The Italian Straw Hat*; and gently, with the assistance of a wider and more practised technique, reanimates not a little of its zest. Yet the zest grows thin; the serious reversal (Don Juan must really love the woman he has wagered to capture) never touches a deeper level. The climax—with him pleading to be believed, her miserably refusing, and the mess-room shouts in the distance—provokes nothing more than a "What a pretty scene, how charming is that blue ostrich feather against the cab's darkness!" Then, next day, the dragoons ride off as they had come in, and he looks up at her shut window. It's really been shut against us all the time.

The Phenix City Story and *The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing* are both melodramas of corruption; the one in an Alabama town ruled by gambling and murder; the other, a murder case in New York society, in the 1900s—this is a leisurely sumptuous affair in colour with some fascination but a script stiff as a day shirt. *The Phenix City Story* aims at a black-and-white sensation with the documentary look, and largely succeeds: whatever the truth may be about vice rackets, one doesn't forget the squalor of 14th street and its men clinging to lamp-posts, its girls draped about stairways.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Several Exhibitions

At the Ben Uri Gallery three young ex-students are exhibiting. Alfred Harris is the most obvious painter, with a feeling for paint and plastic form, particularly evident in his Nude (No. 8) and Portrait (No. 11). He needs, I think, more tonal contrast in his pictures; this is a question of maturity and of knowing what to sacrifice in order to make the contrast. Renate Meyer has a far more linear vision and little sense of solid space. But she has a real imaginative understanding of the girls she paints, their childhood turning to adolescence as they feel things very deeply, gossip on the flats stairs, and are merciless to a weak schoolmistress. Lawrence Marcuson is full of humanist sympathies but is as yet too slap-dash to do them credit except through his choice of subject. Frank Auerbach (at the Beaux Arts) paints heads and landscapes with pigment three or four inches thick so that much of their effect depends upon a kind of bas-relief. Superficially his works are reminiscent of Dubuffet's mud tricks. But Auerbach is a serious artist, an example of one of those I mentioned the other week, who throw themselves vainly and desperately against the frontiers of art. If he stops trying to do the equivalent of knitting with rope, accepts his medium for what it is and realises that every artist has a duty to communicate with the minimum of ambiguity consistent with his purpose, he may develop far. At the Prospect Gallery there is a life-size modelled nude by Sydney Harpley with excellent head and arms, and at the Leicester New Year show a good Vaughan landscape, a Medley riverscape and a fine nude by Anthony Fry.

J. B.

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Correspondence

HOW "FORWARD" WAS SOLD

SIR,—In *The Times* of January 6 there appeared the following reference to the sale of *Forward*.

Forward, the formerly left-wing Socialist paper published in Scotland, is to be transformed into a paper the policy of which will be "to advocate in a forthright and informed way the policy of the Labour Party." Plans have also been made for reorganisation and expansion "that will allow it to serve the Labour movement with greater effectiveness and over a wider area."

It appears from these announcements, made in this week's issue of the paper, that the long search for a weekly paper that would express something resembling the official party view, has now been resolved. For some years many of the party leaders have been concerned because the views of Socialist political weeklies have all been far to the left of official policy. Indeed, when *Tribune* and *New Statesman* were at their most aggressive, the national executive had a plan for the party itself to publish a weekly.

The plan fell through, but now it appears, an opportunity has come to meet the need and at the same time to keep alive a paper which has been in existence since 1906. While advocating the Labour Party policy, the new *Forward* will remain "an independent Socialist weekly."

The board of a new company which is being formed to publish the paper will include Mr. Alfred Robens, former Minister of Labour, and Mr. Sam Watson, secretary of the Durham area of the National Union of Mineworkers and a leading right-wing member of the party's national executive.

The shareholders of Unity Publishing Company, Ltd., who have been the owners of *Forward* since 1935, have approved the transfer of ownership.

As one of the shareholders referred to in the last paragraph I think a little further explanation is necessary. For a long time I was the editor of *Forward* and one of its directors, but recently I have not been responsible for its affairs or its policy, and my role in the paper has been that of a voluntary unpaid contributor. But I am still a shareholder, and as many people still associate me with *Forward*, I do not want it to be thought that I was in any way associated with its sale or that I am in any way responsible for it.

Shareholders of the Unity Publishing Company, which owns *Forward*, were informed of the proposal in a letter dated December 17, 1955, which was posted in Glasgow on December 19, and which arrived at my home address in Scotland when I returned for the Christmas recess on December 22. This was a few days before Christmas. The usual procedure was that 21 days' notice was given for shareholders' meetings, but it was not done in this case. The meeting was called for January 3, 1956. In between were Christmas holidays in England and the New Year holidays in Scotland, when it was very difficult indeed to get in touch with other shareholders or to suggest any alternative to the proposal made by the directors. And, as the secretary informed us that the proxies must be received not less than 48 hours before the time of the meeting, it was difficult to see what opportunities the shareholders were being given to give serious consideration to the proposals that were now being put before them. This extraordinary meeting was evidently being called in an extraordinary hurry. We were asked to pass the following resolution:

> That the offer now submitted by Mr. John Diamond, F.C.A., to acquire the whole assets, including goodwill and title, of the journal *Forward* for such sum as will enable the company to pay off the liabilities of the company, and to repay to its shareholders the nominal value of the shares held by them respectively, be accepted, and that it be remitted to the chairman and secretary to carry through the sale, pay the liabilities to the creditors and the nominal value of the shares to the shareholders.

There was an explanatory letter from Mr. G. M. Thompson, the secretary of the Unity Publishing Company, which read:

> Owing to the threats of immediate legal proceedings on the part of the principal creditors of Unity Publishing Company, Limited, your directors at a meeting on November 5, 1955, agreed to invite offers by which *Forward* might be kept in publication.
>
> The only offer obtained was from Mr. John Diamond, F.C.A., and at a meeting of the directors on November 25, 1955, it was agreed to accept this offer on the following grounds:—
>
> (1) That it is financially impossible for the present company to keep *Forward* in publication.
>
> (2) That the offer recommended is the only one to be submitted.
>
> (3) That in the light of the company's financial insolvency the offer is a generous one and is the only way in which the position of the company's creditors and shareholders can be safeguarded.
>
> (4) That the offer is in keeping with the political position and purpose *Forward* has established for itself over 50 years. The paper will remain independent. It will continue to spread the principles of democratic Socialism, and to support the Labour Party. It will be enabled to render more effective service to the Scottish Labour movement and to extend its influence over a much wider area.

In the first paragraph we were told that at a meeting on November 5 the Directors "agreed to invite offers by which *Forward* might be kept in circulation."

How was this done? Who was invited to offer? Certainly, although an old shareholder, I knew nothing of any invitation. I know of no invitation to offer that was sent to Socialists, trade unionists, co-operators and old friends of *Forward*.

Why was the only offer received the one that had been made by Mr. Diamond? How many people apart from Mr. Diamond and his friends knew of it? Was an offer made in these circumstances really fair to the shareholders or one they should accept?

Note, there was no reference in this letter at all to the fact that Mr. Alfred Robens, M.P., or Mr. Sam Watson were to be directors of any new company. The shareholders were not told of this when invited to send in their proxies; they were told that the paper will remain "independent."

They were certainly not told, as *The Times* informs us, that among the "independent" directors were Mr. Robens, who is now the official Labour spokesman on foreign affairs, and Mr. Sam Watson.

Forward recently strongly opposed the policy of German rearmament. Would it have been able to do so if at the time it had been controlled by Mr. Robens and Mr. Watson? How independent will it be allowed to be if any similar issue arises again? Ought the shareholders not to have been informed in the circular who the real buyers were and that it was being sold out to the Labour right wing?

Only after the shareholders had sent in their proxies was this disclosed by the chairman to those who had been able to come to the extraordinary meeting. At this meeting I moved that we should adjourn for a month in order that other offers might be considered and the shareholders have the opportunity of hearing other views. There was a majority in favour of this reasonable motion among the shareholders who had been able to attend the meeting and listen to my case. But on a poll vote the proxies defeated us. After this, the resolution to sell out was carried with a substantial minority share vote against it.

EMRYS HUGHES

House of Commons, S.W.1.

THE COST OF ARCHITECTS

SIR,—I write as a director of a building firm with experience on small houses, speculative houses, public buildings and general contracting. In 1952, when "Freeholder" started, few architects had recent experience of building houses, the younger ones had none at all, and estimating was a hazardous game for anyone. My firm have time and again submitted a price for building a single house and have heard nothing for months until we get a modified plan or request for a price for a smaller version of the same project. We now handle all such jobs in the following way. We inquire from the architect, or client, whether he has set a limit on the price of the house, explaining that we cannot afford to go to the trouble of a detailed estimate if the design is inherently more expensive than the client wants. We then give our rough price, which is frequently a good deal more than the client's limit, and offer to co-operate with him or his architect in modifying the design. If this offer is accepted the conference usually results in (a) a reduction in size, (b) substitution of machine-made facing bricks for expensive hand-made bricks, machine-made plain tiles for "pantiles," softwoods for hardwoods (in doors and floors), fewer radiators, less tiling, modification of kitchens taken out of U.S. magazines, and generally the substitution of a practical home for an ideal home.

Why should the architect get his fee for designing an unpriced non-starter, while ten builders have to spend several days, or nights, fooling away their time pricing the non-starter for nothing? The general assumption of the wording of most building specifications and conditions of contract and the basis of "open tendering" (if you take the trouble to read them) is that (a) all builders have unlimited staffs and time for tendering; (b) all builders have unlimited resources of plant and men instantly available for any emergency on any job; (c) all builders have fantastic reserves of working capital enabling them to go on paying workmen and suppliers for weeks and months while "interim certificates" for money pass from client to architect, to solicitor, to ministry, to local council, to building priority, and so on; (d) all builders are downright scoundrels plotting to deceive and defraud, and are maliciously dilatory; (e) all builders and their men exist without holidays or illness, and have cupboardsful of reserves for instantly filling any casual absences; (f) all builders make fabulous profits and ought to be generous enough to provide, gratis, essentials omitted from the specification, as well as take all the risks of damage; (g) all builders are cheerful gamblers, willing to shoulder all risks of weather, bad subsoil, pay rises and so on; (h) all builders are infinitely flexible and can take the whole lot of men away at an instant's notice and employ them profitably while some new brainwave or radical alteration is schemed out.

"BUILDER"

CIRCUS CRUELTY

SIR,—If Faith Jaques expects us to believe that wild animals carry out unnatural tricks because planks and tightropes take the place of trees, and stools of rocks, can she also expect us to believe that a wild animal goes through such performances willingly, whether or not he feels inclined to do

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them? Surely, it is the timing of the performances, and the fact that the audience must be shown the trick to the minute, that must bring about coercion and the likelihood of cruelty.

I would remind your readers of a recent incident when, according to a press report, one member of a troupe of performing bears refused to do his trick and the trainer tried to force him to perform, but had to abandon his efforts when the audience cried "Shame." Would Faith Jaques have us believe that no such scenes take place out of sight of the audience? If so, may I draw her attention to the following extract from a book, *Wild Circus Animals*, by the animal trainer, Alfred Court, first published in 1954: "I seized a heavy training stool made of wood and steel weighing a good 80 pounds. Raising it above my head, I flung it at Artis, catching him on the hindquarters. The animal gave a terrible roar, a cry of pain rather than a roar of attack, and turned to spring at me. But the poor beast did not get far. The iron stool had hit him harder than I had intended, snapping his leg. . . I had time and opportunity to retreat hastily and stop Artis with my fork. The lion stayed stretched out in the middle of the cage, looking at his paw as sick horses look at their stomachs. I pitied him, wishing I had not used the stool, but I had done the only possible thing."

Even if she were right in her contention that no cruelty is involved in animal acts, surely she could not deny that they provide a type of entertainment that could only appeal to immature minds, since no thinking person could take pleasure in watching a proud animal dressed up in foolish trappings, balancing on a seesaw, or leaping through a hoop of fire. It is, to say the least of it, an uncivilised form of entertainment.

ARTHUR W. MOSS
Chief Secretary
R.S.P.C.A.
105 Jermyn St., S.W.1.

STUDENT COMMUNISTS

SIR,—A correspondent has complained of members of staffs of universities allowing themselves to be used as unpaid police spies against the students.

This willingness to adopt American methods and outlook seems to extend to county education authorities. I have been concerned in the case of a young man who was denied any report from his polytechnic school such as would have qualified him for a county grant. That was in 1949, and the reason actually given by the director was that he was known to be a member of the Young Communist League. He has since then earned his living and at the same time qualified for university entrance and has been accepted.

He applied again to the county authority who again required credentials. They learned of the report that in 1949 he was a young Communist, and, as was written by the chairman of the county council, because it had appeared that the applicant had Communist sympathies it was quite obvious that the committee were unable to deal with his case. They sent it to a different tribunal who then had put before them some report which conceals this horrifying fact. I need scarcely add that on the second tribunal there sat as a member the chairman of the first tribunal, and the normal county officers were present.

The grant was rejected on the ground that the student, although accepted by one of the great universities, in the opinion of the county authority has not got the academic ability which is necessary for a student to profit from a course at the university.

What the chairman has said in effect is that his colleagues on the committee were so prejudiced that the mere knowledge of this earlier history was enough to require them to disqualify the applicant, but that they were so ashamed and confused by their own attitude to the problem that they were not willing to act on their own view and would pass the applicant to others.

Now there is a further development. The student has taken a one-year non-degree course at the School of Oriental Studies, London University. He was elected secretary of the students' union for the coming session. He was refused admission to any course for the present session and now has even been refused leave to use the library.

JOHN PLATTS-MILLS.
Temple, E.C.4.

THE UNRECOGNISED

SIR,—One would not wish to dispute the main facts in Mr. John Berger's perceptive article on the problem of the unrecognised artist, but in his analysis of the restricted opportunities for exhibiting painting and sculpture in London it is surprising that he should have omitted any reference to the Royal Academy.

Last year, for instance, the annual summer exhibition contained more than 1,000 works by *non-members* and these were seen by some 293,000 visitors—surely a large enough audience to satisfy even Mr. Berger's rigorous demand for "something sturdier than the official art market."

Mr. Berger states that he knows at least a dozen artists who have "failed," whose works would pass "any representative jury of disinterested fellow artists." It is precisely this test which the Royal Academy offers each year to every artist in the country. Moreover, unlike other exhibiting societies, the Royal Academy charges no fees for sending in or for space on its walls and takes no commission on sales. Every penny of the £30,000 paid last year for the 700 works which were sold went direct to the artists.

HUMPHREY BROOKE
Secretary.
The Royal Academy.

ELECTIONS AND ELECTORS

SIR,—Mr. Harold Wilson in his review of my book says that my charts and statistical tables "go into such details as the number of Conservative women candidates defeated by Labour men in a straight fight, the number of Labour women defeated by Conservative men in a straight fight, the number of Labour women placed second and third in three-cornered constituencies [*sic*], and the proportion of 'man-women partnerships in two-member constituencies.'"

Please allow me to say explicitly that no such figures are given in my book. They would, indeed, be trivialities; but they are just not there, at all. What I have given in relation to women candidates is of very different character, and much more significant.

Incidentally, my *Parliamentary Representation* was first published twelve years ago, not seven as stated by Mr. Wilson.

J. F. S. Ross

MENTAL HEALTH

SIR,—Dr. Eysenck speaks with much authority about experimental psychology, but as far as the practice of psychotherapy is concerned his assertions about the facts do not evoke anything like the same respect. This is particularly true of the sentence concluding his letter in which the professor says that "after over 50 years of psychoanalysis we still lack even the most modest proof of its practical usefulness." This statement is, of course, directly opposed to the experience of those working in this particular field (be they therapists or patients), but it does demonstrate that the emotional reactions aroused by this controversy prevent as yet a truly objective assessment.

W. H. ALLCHIN
University of London.

THE H-BOMB

SIR,—Mr. A. J. P. Taylor writes: " . . . how do we reverse the race to destruction? But this is not a problem which interests scientists or politicians." As the wife of a scientist (a nuclear physicist at that), may I disagree with him? I do not believe scientists are primarily interested in making bigger and better bombs, if only because the making of bombs is not science but engineering.

On the contrary, many scientists are very much concerned about H-Bombs having been made at all. They therefore agree entirely that at *no* time is the possession of any kind of bomb a way of keeping peace, or indeed, of winning a war.

P. DE WAARD
Gronigen,
Netherlands.

A prospect of advancement

To assist young men and women in search of advancement and employers in search of intelligent recruits, the Manchester Guardian is again planning a series of whole-page careers announcements.

On each weekday between January 23 and March 9, leading industries and business concerns will in turn present the various advantages of a career with them. Prospective employers will give a full account of their organisation, together with details of qualifications required and training offered.

As happened last year, demand for the Manchester Guardian will be heavier than usual during this period. For the excellence of its editorial matter is rivalled by the rich opportunity of its advertising columns. A regular order with your newsagent is advisable.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Fry's Vision and Design

In order to be able to write excellent art criticism, you have both to perceive what the artist intended, and be convinced of its supreme importance; in the result, both your understanding and your excitement must be conveyed. It is no use perceiving clearly, yet remaining indifferent (a vice of today); or praising qualities in works of art which are not to be found there (a vice of forty years ago). This seems obvious enough, and one would have supposed that any responsible critic would have borne the point in mind before committing his ink to paper. But no writer since Fénéon has consistently followed this golden principle. Either sensible words never set sail for lack of a following wind of enthusiasm, or senseless words embark on a mad gyration. Now nobody can expect the critic both to feel strongly about, and to understand, everything, and he should be encouraged to keep quiet whenever he finds himself either unmoved or baffled, instead of being forced to express himself on every conceivable topic, as is generally the case. The obligation to embrace the whole of art wears a critic down. And it is not to be wondered at if he comes out now and then with mild analyses (designed to cover up lack of feeling) which may impart information but do not inspire, or with spirited fantasies (designed to cover up ignorance) which dazzle rather than illuminate. We have too much thrust down our throats to have time to assimilate or enjoy it. The nineteenth century was fortunate in its comparative unawareness.

However diverse the material which Fry made his own, no one could ever accuse him of lack of enthusiasm. The great merit of *Vision and Design* (1920) is the eager, panting determination to put sensations on record. He writes like an inspired child with a new gadget, with gusto, with that innocent recklessness which makes the collection still delightful in an age which has discarded many more solemn, even more scholarly, critical tracts, conceived though they are on a more manageable scale—investigations too cautious and too tepid to retain their hold. That Fry's survival as a critic is due to this gift for infecting the reader with his own passion, there is no denying, and the point has often been made. His joy excuses occasional misconceptions, and so also does the charm of his personality, which lends the book its close unity in spite of the diversity of themes, just as an exhibition (oddly enough, it has never been organised) of Degas copies after Old Masters would decisively impose itself as a one-man show, as a show of Degas, not of Old Masters.

Fry wrote like an artist for whom art of any kind may turn out to be useful, and every essay in the book bears his stamp as a Degas copy bears his. But it is asking too much of any critic, even one of Fry's calibre, to assimilate as well as to enjoy the wide range of human experience expressed in visual form which is purveyed in *Vision and Design*. It is a collection of essays written over twenty years (from 1901, the essay on Giotto, to 1920, that on Negro Sculpture) on art ranging over thousands of years and hundreds of thousands of square miles from the most barbaric (an admirable essay on the art of the Bushmen) to the most civilised (Dürer), from the harshest (Ancient American Art) to the sweetest (Renoir). It would be hard to find another book published this century which has both cast its net wider in time and space, and exercised a greater influence. Inevitably there is too much of Fry and too little of the objects he describes. He is concerned with what he feels, not with what they mean. He does not judge works of art on their own merits, by attempting to unravel an artist's specific æsthetic message, and then, only then, deciding whether a valuable contribution was made or not by its delivery, and whether it was delivered well or badly according to its own terms of reference—a task which nowadays we feel is the critic's duty to perform. We believe now that a critic is only in a position to praise or condemn an artist if he appears to succeed or fail in what he sets out to do. But Fry was less concerned about the artist's intentions, than about the results, which either fitted his universal theory (the fruit of his sympathies and antipathies), or could be contorted to fit it, or failed to fit it, in which case it had to be ignored. One is conscious all too often that he is reading Cézanne, and a scaffolding of theory run up around him, into the whole art of the past, whatever its moral or æsthetic preoccupations may have been; at the slightest indication of the use of form and colour divorced from illustration, or on the supposed discovery in the art of any time or place of other peculiarities he prized, he would triumphantly draft that form of expression into his ranks; if it failed to make the grade, as later Greek sculpture and Rembrandt and Impressionism—in other words, some of the most miraculous achievements of the human spirit—failed, it got turned down. The brilliant, thoughtful *Essay on Aesthetics* has no room in its system for Grünewald or Courbet, whilst other artists who fit the system nicely—Marchand, Lhôte—have relaxed their grip on later generations, and are never likely to re-establish it.

To do Fry justice, he came towards the end of his life to respond to those artists who by no ingenuity of his or anyone's imagination could be cut to his pattern of plastic freedom. By denying its universal validity, which he had tended earlier to claim for it, by trusting to his sensibility, he proved his honesty and magnanimity. Strangely enough, his final experiments in art criticism when the theory had been modified, and his earliest before it had had time to stiffen, have best survived the competition of time. His most enduring contributions have been made at times when the theory by which he is best remembered—so well known is it that its recapitulation here does not seem to be necessary—is least rigidly applied. However, when in 1920 he came to collect his scattered essays, he was still the slave to the theory, and the spell which it then cast over him impoverishes many passages in the book (though admittedly it enriches others, where the subject-matter justifies its application). There is no space here to prove the point, but three examples may be taken. The first is from an essay on *Art and Life*. Departing from his admiration for the artist's recent heroic contempt for the rest of the world, he sets out to show that art in some other ages was autonomous also, that art and "life" have at other times besides the present pursued separate paths. Even if we allow his dubious premise, there is no evidence that this situation ever occurred before Géricault, not even at the beginning of the seventeenth century (a period cited by Fry as conspicuously lacking in any correspondence between the two), when religious ideas—it is now realised—went hand-in-hand with the new attitude towards the visible world. The second is a quotation from the essay on *The Artist's Vision*: "A man's head is no more and no less important than a pumpkin, or, rather, these things may be so or not according to the rhythm that obsesses the artist and crystallises his vision." I can think of no artists before 1910 except the Arcimboldeschi, for whom a pumpkin is as important as a man's head. The third example is a quotation from the essay on Greco which requires no comment:

> It is this magnificent courage and purity, this total indifference to the expectations of the public, that bring him so near to us to-day, when more than ever the artist regards himself as working for ends unguessed at by the mass of his contemporaries. It is this also which accounts for the fact that while nearly every one shudders involuntarily at Bernini's sentimental sugariness, very few artists of to-day have ever realised for a moment how unsympathetic to them is the literary content of an El Greco. They simply fail to notice what his pictures are about in the illustrative sense.

The essay on Greco dates from 1920, and is interesting to contrast with the far superior essay on Blake of 1904, where he had made, as he usually did in his early years as a critic, an imaginative effort to grasp and interpret the artist's attitude. It would be instructive to read the book in the order in which the essays were composed, instead of chronologically by subjects as we are invited to do, and so trace the development of his thought. One would begin with his study of Giotto of 1901—Fry's protest against the æstheticism of the Nineties—which is puritanism at its best, a plea for vigour in an age which extolled effeteness, and a plea for humanity in an age where aristocrats boasted of leaving their servants to do their living for them. Here he maintains that "the dramatic idea may have inspired the artist to the creation of his form, and that the value of the form is bound up for us with the dramatic idea"—an attitude which he was later to repudiate, but which now strikes us as unexceptionable. But for all its good sense, the essay on Giotto, as Fry himself came later to recognise, is immature. The main argument may be sound but the spark which sets a painter alight is missing. It was not until about the middle of the first decade of the century, with his favourable verdict on certain then unfashionable painters like Caravaggio, expressed in his edition of Reynolds's *Discourses*, and with his essay on Claude incorporated in *Vision and Design*, that Fry first hit the mark. He was already in the process of evolving his theory of pure form, but it was still sufficiently

flexible to embrace aspects of art where form was anything but pure; he still retained from his youth a respect for the artist's intentions; he was now in the correct frame of mind to interpret what he saw without distorting its meaning, and at the same time to describe it without being merely pedestrian. Just now and then it happens that circumstances combine (when the intellectual atmosphere which a critic breathes becomes one with the work of art on which his attention is engaged) to produce an idea which, however much taste and modes of thought may subsequently alter, can never quite be blotted out, for it contains a germ of truth: as when Hazlitt turned to Poussin, Berenson to Botticelli, Longhi to Piero, Fénéon to Seurat's holiday-making dolls; as when Fry stood enraptured before the idyllic landscapes of Claude. But in the case of a critic who has firm ideas about what art ought to be like, this can only happen when he has the good fortune to hit on an artist who seems to bear out all his preconceptions. The essay on Claude does not lend itself easily to quotation, and I will not risk damaging it by isolating a passage from it. But anyone who takes the trouble to go back to it after fifty years, however much he may be affected by the now modish hostility towards Fry, must agree that here if ever is a case of seeing clearly what was actually there, and recording the impression with the intensity of feeling which the discovery of something new and true deserves.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

Old Man at a Cricket Match

"It's mending worse," he said,
Turning west his head,
Strands of anxiety ravelled like old rope—
Skitter of rain on the scorers' shed
His only hope.

Seven down for forty five,
Catches like stings from a hive,
And every man on the boundary appealing—
An evening when it's bad to be alive,
And the swifts squealing.

Yet without boo or curse
He waits leg-break or hearse,
Obedient in each to lease and letter—
Life and the weather mending worse,
Or worsening better.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

Epitaph on a Muddled Metaphysical

Two trains of thought that others laid,
When shunted round, wired up his Muse.
But passion flared when patience frayed
And showed how fusions may confuse.

Touched off, the slow train slowly burned
Like fine-ground powder, phrase by phrase.
And particles of wit were churned,
From shapeless trash, to make it blaze.

The faster train, connecting, clicked
Verse into verse with bolts of rhyme,
And cadences, like switches, flicked
Bright sparks from words once thick with grime.

He felt no shock, but when the pun
Exploded like a timed grenade,
The points were crossed, and, one by one,
The trains blew up the trains he made.

GEORGE MACBETH

All the Elite and Demi-Monde

The Great Economists. By ROBERT L. HEILBRONER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 28*s*.

There is nothing dismal about Mr. Heilbroner's economic science. This is a fascinating and absorbing book, written with obvious zest and designed to appeal to the reader who has always been intimidated by economics, particularly by the "pale equations" which often pass for it. After twenty pages of rhetoric, the author warms to his theme and chases the ideas and dreams of a handful of great economists across the "wonderful world" of Adam Smith, the "gloomy world" of Malthus and Ricardo, the "beautiful world" of the Utopian socialists, the "inexorable world" of Marx and the "savage world" of Veblen. Before taking rest in front of Veblen's Californian log cabin, he has found time to peep through a keyhole into "the Victorian underworld," and after leaving California he passes non-stop to Keynes's Cambridge. Mr. Paul Streeten, who has added two lively chapters for the English edition of this book, transports us back again from "the sick world" of post-1929 America to the "planned world" of post-1945 Britain down to the misty present, when governments talk of "creating a financial and economic climate" rather than carrying out a plan.

The speed of the journey and the constant shuttling from world to world leave the reader breathless but exhilarated. We have met, by page 304, all the elite and demi-monde of economics, from Adam Smith to Schwartz, and we have made the exciting discovery that they disagree not only about economics but about everything else. "The world was their oyster," says Mr. Heilbroner, lingering over his favourite word *world*, "and they cast that world into a dozen different moulds: angry, serene, apologetic, fermenting." He goes on to claim that they were united in nothing but their curiosity, but it is difficult to escape the conclusion that most of them were united also in a certain intellectual arrogance, in a relentless desire to explain everything while concerning themselves only with a fragment. It was their arrogance as well as their expertise which shaped other men's lives, and they were frequently able to profit from other people's anxiety for self-justification as much as from their ignorance. As Joan Robinson once remarked, "economics is the opium of religious people," and as Mr. Streeten wisely but wistfully adds, "not only liberal economists, but anybody who appeals to general, inexorable laws as substitutes for hard thinking about particular social problems is an opium pedlar."

In peddling his "great ideas" Mr. Heilbroner has problems of his own. His book is about great economists and not about the history of economics as a subject of study, but if it has a serious flaw it is that there is too much preoccupation with greatness as such. He finds a niche for heretics but not for those sound craftsmen whose work was often polished and even stolen by the heroes of his narrative. Some influential schools of economists get left out altogether. He does not stop at Vienna, for example, and rightly or wrongly he does not encourage us to mix too freely with practising economists in British and American universities. Mr. Streeten introduces us to a few of them, but we can never quite forget the taunt on page 10 that thousands of economists explore minutiae with all the zeal of medieval scholars, or the sly digs at Professor Edgeworth, who employed mathematical analysis to explain the crisis in Ireland and commented happily that "considerations so abstract it would of course be ridiculous to fling upon the floodtide of practical politics." In his zeal to glorify the great economists Mr. Heilbroner has to indulge in a little gentle denigration of the rest.

Sometimes he is misleading in his account of what the great men really said and how their ideas were related to the intellectual context of

book tokens

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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their times. The continuities and gradual shifts of emphasis are scarcely touched on, for example, in his account of Malthus. In his chapter on Keynes there are some paragraphs which present snatches of Mr. Heilbroner's theory rather than Keynesian economics of any variety (particularly on page 221). It is left to Mr. Streeten to make the powerful point that a split in political personalities is at the very heart of many of the great pioneers of political economy. Adam Smith and Keynes both displayed a sort of political schizophrenia, Mr. Streeten argues, and calls it "an occupational disease of economic genius."

There are signs in mid-twentieth century that the age of the great economists is drawing to a close, that economic problems are being rethought out in new terms, that arrogance is being shaken and even academic economists are saying "economics is not enough." Before we begin to be dazzled by our own novelties it is well worth while scanning Mr. Heilbroner's pages and seeing how much even of our modern revolt is founded in the past.

ASA BRIGGS

Great or Major?

The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens. *Faber.* 42*s.*

The American edition of this book was one of the events of last year's publishing season over there, as crowning (very handsomely too—this British edition is identical in format and worth the price) the career of one of "the major poets of this century" (to quote the dust-jacket). Some work by Stevens was printed in Michael Roberts's Faber anthology before the war, but it was only a couple of years ago that his *Selected Poems* came out in Britain. Stevens died last year at 75; and it seems a pity that the British reader was introduced to him so late, especially as most of his best work appeared thirty years ago, in his first volume. Though six later collections appear in the *Collected Poems,* along with that first one, *Harmonium,* it is still on *Harmonium* that Stevens's reputation must largely rest. The *Selected Poems* drew very heavily on *Harmonium,* and for that reason the *Selected Poems* is the place to start.

At a first reading even of those, one gets the impression of a brittle and laboured sophistication offered for its own sake. Of many of the later poems this first impression is unfortunately just. In the good poems however (and one has to persevere to see which these are, for Stevens can fake brilliantly) the sophistication, while still brittle, is not laboured and not pointless. It is as brittle as the sophistication of Byron, the Romantic sophistication that is half panache, half uneasiness—an acknowledgment that because the poet doesn't know who he is talking to, he doesn't know what tone to adopt. The ironies are defensive, the wit at bottom "soft." For Stevens considered himself, and is profoundly, a Romantic poet. He has something of Byron (his rather tawdry elegance), something of Keats (his daring of excess, a sometimes vulgar opulence of language), and most of all he has something of Coleridge:

> Light the first light of evening, as in a room
> In which we rest and, for small reason, think
> The world imagined is the ultimate good.
>
> This is, therefore, the intensest rendezvous.
> It is in that thought that we collect ourselves,
> Out of all the indifferences, into one thing:
>
> Within a single thing, a single shawl
> Wrapped tightly round us, since we are poor, a warmth,
> A light, a power, the miraculous influence.
>
> Here, now, we forget each other and ourselves.
> We feel the obscurity of an order, a whole,
> A knowledge, that which arranged the rendezvous.

The echo here of Coleridge's *Dejection* ("A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud") may be unintentional, for Stevens's style is usually too distinctively mannered to permit of submerged quotations. It is, however, thoroughly in keeping. For this poem circles round a question which intrigued Coleridge, which engages Stevens almost to the exclusion of all others—the question how far our own imagination creates before us the world which we perceive, which we then confusingly (yet rightly) take as something given. Stevens has discussed this possibility so exhaustively, and so often in the language of the philosophical disquisition, that some have said he deals in abstractions, where a poet should be always concrete. But one should notice that in the lines quoted above, as nearly always, Stevens is not arguing the rights and wrongs of the case, not philosophising in verse about whether "the world imagined is the ultimate good," but presenting the state of mind in which one may believe that this is so.

These lines are a fair sample of Stevens's style. Such samples are not easy to find, for underneath the affectations Stevens is really a naive writer, who oscillates wildly between very good and very bad. Both the good and the bad are typically much richer than this in imagery and alliteration. But characteristic are, first, the subject matter, secondly, the absence of any sheerly rhythmical interest. Among the late poems is one bewitching melody, *Song of Fixed Accord.* But in general for this, as for any obvious "human interest," one has to turn back to *Harmonium,* to, for instance, *The Death of a Soldier*:

> Life contracts and death is expected,
> As in a season of autumn.
> The soldier falls.
>
> He does not become a three-days personage,
> Imposing his separation,
> Calling for pomp.
>
> Death is absolute and without memorial,
> As in a season of autumn,
> When the wind stops,
>
> When the wind stops and, over the heavens,
> The clouds go, nevertheless,
> In their direction.

The capacity to strike out a memorable line—"Death is absolute and without memorial"—is essential to the poet, but is not rare. What is very rare is to strike out the line in such a way that one never remembers the line without wanting to remember the poem that goes with it, the way the wit—"a three-days personage"—is subdued to the feeling which it chastens, and the way the dying fall is validated by the dry ambiguity, "In their direction."

One of "the major poets of this century" . . . . For "major," read "great."

DONALD DAVIE

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Channel Crossing

Letters from Madame de Sévigné. Translated by VIOLET HAMMERSLEY. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

The problem of translation must always exercise those who write in English on French matters. Are the publishers quite correct in assuming that the common reader has no French? It is a new idea. In the past there have been many English editions of French classics—Mrs. Paget Toynbee's Madame du Deffand for instance, where the letters are in their original French. Until the war nobody thought twice about quoting French in an English text. Nowadays it seems that every word has to be translated. The bookshops are loaded with English versions of the French classics, while quotations in French are very much frowned upon. (A notable exception is made by Messrs. Longmans, who bravely allowed Mr. John Lough to quote extensively from French writers in his *Introduction to 17th Century France.*) Some of these translations jar the reader unmercifully. It is a shock to hear that a Princess of France "has guts," or that one of Saint-Simon's characters is "positively airborne." Others may be not too accurate. In *Dearest Bess,* Napoleon is quoted as having said, on the eve of his Russian campaign, "This old Europe bores me." What did he really say? "*Cette vieille Europe m'ennuie*"? If so, the meaning is very different. The reader who knows French is puzzled and tantalized; he who does not may be deceived.

Perhaps the public must be spoon-fed, to ensure that books shall have a great circulation and publishers a great super-tax; if so, then the spoon should contain real food, not a tinned and frozen substitute covered with sauce *à l'Américaine.* Of all forms of writing, a letter is the most difficult to translate, since it echoes the very voice of its author and inevitably, in a foreign language, that echo is lost. Mrs. Hammersley has overcome this difficulty by writing in her own voice. She has not so much translated the letters as rewritten them in English, and the result is a very odd, amusing book. Nobody is so well qualified as she for such a venture, since she is herself a modern Mme de Sévigné. Born in the English Embassy at Paris, in the same room (though not at the same time) as Mr. Somerset Maugham, they bowled their hoops together in the Tuileries Gardens. Her girlhood was spent between the banks of the Thames and the banks of the Marne, and when she married she made a centre for all that was intellectual, odd and *frondeur* in London society—the exact equivalent of Mme de Sévigné's circle in the Paris of 200 years before. This charmer then, to the joy of her readers, has been transported by the wave of a magic wand (like the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur) to live at the Hôtel Carnavalet and Les Rochers. As we read the well-known letters in this new voice it is Mrs. Hammersley, with her vivid El Greco looks, rather than the slightly bovine Mme de Sévigné whom we picture, arriving at some country house by torchlight, "strolling, parasoled and veiled" under the orange trees, seated at her writing table: "M. le Chevalier, is that you I hear? And pray how have you borne the fatigues of the journey?" It is certainly Mrs. Hammersley who seizes upon Dangeau as her partner at the card table, so that she will be sure to win.

The charm of Mme de Sévigné's letters lies above all in the picture they give of *vie de*

château. This has changed less in France than anywhere; it has always been very different from English country-house life. House parties as such, of specially chosen guests staying between two dates, hardly exist. Instead there is a constant trickle of friends who come and go when it suits them. The accent is on food and religion, rather than on sport and politics, as with us. The local Bishop wanders in, and there are few meals without some curé or abbé to say the grace. Nature is loved, but in a different, larger way and where an Englishwoman would go out and plant a Michaelmas daisy, Mme de Sévigné planted forest trees with her own hands.

Unlike M. de Saint-Simon, Mme de Sévigné has always been a favourite in England. It is to be hoped that this new translation, which is a work of art on its own account, will lead an ever increasing public to her letters in their original tongue.

NANCY MITFORD

The Intricacy of History

Man on His Past. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. *Cambridge*. 22*s*. 6*d*.

A century ago, historians used to claim a great deal for their subject. The study of history would reveal the laws of progress or the future course of the nations; the lessons derived from it could be applied to the present; and like the classics it was to provide a moral training, an elightenment—History was to be the tutor of statesmen. Modern Greats is said to fulfil that function, and in our times historians have been disembarrassing themselves of the pretensions. But while many have pulverised Marxist and Weberian interpretations of history, Professor Butterfield has been unique in examining the English historical tradition and penetrating its disguise. He analysed the Whig interpretation, he argued that modern history did not begin with the Renaissance but, if anywhere, with the development of the scientific movement, and he then exposed the concealed positivism which had hitherto characterised the history of science. No one has done more to recast our historical notions and yet in so doing he has done even more to restore the dignity and moral seriousness of history. Other historians have insisted no less than he on the necessity of studying the past for its own sake; but none has reflected more continuously on precisely what historians do and why it is important to understand what they do.

When historians so reflect, they usually begin to write about the philosophy of history. Professor Butterfield's mind, however, always turns from the abstract to the concrete. He believes that history is what historians write and that one of the best ways of understanding history is to examine how historians arrive at their conclusions; and this in turn leads him to study the history of these conclusions, how long they have been accepted and in what ways they have been challenged. His previous discourses about history have in a sense dictated the subject of his new book. It examines the history of historiography.

Man on His Past sounds like the title of a dazzling essay. But Professor Butterfield does not write dazzling essays. The meat is in his first four chapters which are succeeded by two further chapters, each giving a highly technical illustration of his theme, and there then follow seven appendices. The chapters are not intimately connected, and it is really not so much a book as an effort in the form of lectures or articles to stake out a claim for a new branch of historical study. This is a pity. Moreover, his scrupulosity, his hesitation to pronounce without soon qualifying and his perpetual search for sentences which will construct a new historical perspective and yet not distort the truth, do not make for easy reading. But I find the total effect impressive—impressive in the sense that some modern literary criticism is impressive: by its honesty and its strenuous effort to distinguish between different kinds of meaning and levels of interpretation. In such writing smoothness of texture is replaced by rigorous demonstration and the conviction that historical study is not only difficult but important; and unlike some literary critics Professor Butterfield's compassion and understanding of the inherent difficulty of writing history enables him to see that even error can contain within it some counterweight to a truth which, if stated too emphatically, would itself convey untruth.

The dazzling essayist would have begun with the accepted generalisation that the serious study of historiography begins with Niebuhr and the opening of the archives; but an accepted generalisation is something which Professor Butterfield can be pretty sure not to accept. Characteristically he finds that the eighteenth-century professors at Goettingen were the real progenitors of the historical movement. For they had come up against those conceptual problems which all historians face when they think of the past as a whole. What do we mean by such categories as "civilisation" or "Western Europe" or "medieval"? How far do the frameworks which we construct imprison us, how far are they parochially nationalist or Europocentric? What weight should be given to economic, diplomatic and other factors in assessing causation? What are the limits of technical history and the problems in writing universal history? These are the questions which Professor Butterfield pursues through the writings of Acton and Ranke. This book is for those who think that to reflect on history is valuable—not for those who think that Acton is a bore, misquote him or regard Ranke as a deplorable nationalist.

NOEL ANNAN

Discography

The Record Guide. By EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST and DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR. *Collins*. 35*s*.

My Record of Music. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Hutchinson*. 25*s*.

Hi-Fi for Pleasure. By BURNETT JAMES. *Phoenix*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

To gramophone record collectors Crichel does not suggest the misdoings of an agricultural bureaucracy but the home of those heroes of discography, Edward Sackville West and Desmond Shawe-Taylor. Since they produced the first edition of their *Record Guide* in 1951 the gramophone world has been transformed out of recognition by the arrival of the long-playing record. Four years ago LPs were still few in number and noticed only in a short appendix, for the short-playing record, with its funny little label whirling round the turntable at the preposterous rate of 78 revolutions a minute, still held the stage. Some of us were even still laboriously grinding those fibre needles to a precarious point that rarely failed to collapse two-thirds of the way through a heavy recording (only to be told after a decade of this purgatory that our records were in any case spoilt by the silt and sediment fibre needles left behind them). And then there were the boxes of used and unused needles that always got muddled; the torment of a Bruckner symphony on a mountainous pile of twenty sides, each of which somehow sounded exactly like its predecessor; and the alternative agony of either jumping up every three or four minutes or of listening in impotent horror while that infernal device, the automatic changer, hurled your precious deleted records from one brutal claw to another and smacked them down on the turntable with the venom of an ill-natured cashier returning change. The miracle is that anyone found the game worth the candle. But today all that is mercifully as distant as the biplane, and as the gramophone has gained in popularity the torrent of new issues has grown constantly more profuse. Aided this time by Andrew Porter and William Mann, Mr. Sackville West and Mr. Shawe-Taylor have waded through this relentless flood and surfaced with a new and greatly enlarged edition of *The Record Guide*.

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WARBURG

But no one should suppose that this is nothing but an admirable Baedeker to recordings available in this country. For in its brief introductory remarks on composers and on individual works, there is some of the shrewdest and most balanced criticism to be found in any musical lexicon of equivalent size. Perhaps they are a bit sharp with Stravinsky and Holst, and somewhat generous to their house composer, Nielsen. But in the main what they have to say is a model of open-minded sanity, in which appetite and discrimination are held in rare equilibrium. Their ability to hit off a revealing phrase is phenomenal (they have after all more or less invented the language in which gramophone records are reviewed), and maddening to anyone who tries to write about music. The other day I was desperately seeking some manner of describing that combination of warm humanity and inexhaustible musical invention that makes *Die Meistersinger* so endlessly fascinating. Later I opened *The Record Guide* and there the *mot juste* leapt at me: "Haydnish." In a flash something entirely new about the opera was clear: it is in part a descendant of *The Seasons*. But it took *The Record Guide* to make the point clear. Occasionally a brief note indicates a failure among the authors to agree in a recommendation, and the reader has an endearing vision of this formidable critical quartet engaged in fierce discussion of the merits of, for instance, a Heurige song. Two stars for Long Crichel.

"Music" announces Sir Compton Mackenzie in his somewhat garrulous scrapbook, "... occupies the waste spaces of my mind when I am writing." Nothing in *My Record of Music* suggests that this is an understatement, for in the course of 269 pages the waste spaces deliver little comment on music that is not opinionated and banal. "Modern musicians," the author baldly declares, "fail to touch authentic life." Nor is he always happier in his comment on the classics. Mozart's G minor quintet is described as "elfin." And later comes a wish that "one of our modern masters of orchestral colour would re-orchestrate a Brahms or Schubert symphony." Occasionally there are dark thoughts. "Is the West entering another twilight such as preceded that long night of the Dark Ages . . .?" Fortunately Sir Compton Mackenzie's flair for the right record to accompany his musings rarely fails him. What are those heartening tones? Why, the credo from the *Missa Solemnis*, bless you. Searing doubt is stilled and Sir Compton affirms his belief that music ". . . will adumbrate again men's search for truth, beauty and good during his brief sojourn . . ." etc. etc.

This facile nonsense would be less painful if Sir Compton Mackenzie had not done so much to popularise the gramophone at a time when it was still scorned by most music critics. There are indeed moments, such as his account of the founding of that flourishing monthly, *The Gramophone*, of which he is still editor, when the narrative is lively and interesting. But too often it gives the impression of snippets from an unending monologue, delivered at a tape-recorder.

Mr. Burnett James's *Hi-Fi for Pleasure* is not a technical manual. But it explains in simple terms the general outlines of high-fidelity reproduction and is therefore useful to technical nitwits like myself, who are from time to time confronted with the problem of choosing new equipment and yet find it difficult to follow the jargon in which these mysteries are usually clothed. I am, for instance, relieved to learn that a tweeter, so warmly recommended by the adviser on whose word I hang with superstitious awe, is not the Edgware Road term for a police informer but a mechanism for dealing with high frequencies. But readers should bear in mind that Mr. James's terms of reference are somewhat grand. It is the most expensive equipment that he discusses at greatest length and he gives £70 as the absolute minimum figure for a high-fidelity machine. Hi-fi is admittedly an elastic term that has recently suffered commercial abuse, but I have myself a gramophone, now undergoing improvement, that originally cost me £55 and that could certainly be described as "hi-fi."

PETER HEYWORTH

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Tudor Portraits

The Tudors. By CHRISTOPHER MORRIS. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

This is a gift book, not a Gyffte Booke. Its Tudor-gothic jacket, adorned with gawky heads of the five monarchs, may look like a bait for laymen; but the likenesses, significantly, are fair enough, and the book itself is neither a dolled-up textbook nor another Tudor Travelogue, rich with the pomp and pageantry of England's realm. "What I have attempted," says Mr. Morris, "is an essay on the personalities of the Tudor monarchs and on their impact upon English history . . . I doubt whether I have mentioned a single fact that is not already known to some historian. But at least I have used the contemporary sources that lie, or ought to lie, behind the textbooks." In two introductory chapters, he dismisses some of the scholarly *canards* hatched by J. R. Green's disciples, and surveys in swift panorama the semi-medieval world of Tudor England. He glides perhaps too smoothly over the chequered development of humanism, almost ignoring the Dance of Death motifs that scarred the fifteenth century. And in praising Tudor prosperity as the prerequisite of Shakespeare and Milton, he echoes perhaps unconsciously the aestheticism of Bloomsbury and King's.

Nevertheless, his discursive treatment does justice to the complex background in which he sets his portraits, a set of skilful mosaics assembled from contemporary records—account-books, diplomatic letters, reminiscences, and what you will. Only very occasionally—for instance in describing Henry VIII's "megalomania"—do his versions seem at all contrived. For the most part—as with Henry VII and Elizabeth—they illumine in spurts and flashes the deeper mysteries of personality. Such fragmentary glimpses, suggestive and tantalising like all true characterisation, are enhanced by the novel and telling portraits that embellish the book. In the frontispiece, a pale and sleepless Elizabeth stares from her setting of brocade: elsewhere, Henry VII grows in successive pictures from medieval visionary to gaunt old man of the world. The work as a whole is extraordinarily stylish and rewarding, and well abreast of current research into the mechanics of Tudor government. It includes a wealth of authorities and a crisply annotated bibliography: it unites the authenticity of Holbein and Hilliard with the plausible liveliness of Charles Laughton, Flora Robson, and Bette Davis. It should be successful with scholars and laymen alike.

RICHARD MAYNE

New Novels

Old Father Antic. By BARBARA WORSLEY-GOUGH. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Inheritance. By JOHN SOMMERFIELD. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

For All We Know. By G. B. STERN. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Whatever our personal experience has been we all know from novels, the radio and television that family life is not like that at all. Family life in fiction holds a fascination it does not in fact. So with this week's novels. They were all, for me, damnably readable, though only one, *Old Father Antic*, has the quality to deserve this praise.

Esmond Moorfield, a prosperous and extremely successful barrister, has just been made a judge. This appointment, with its promise of a more leisurely, if slightly retrenched, life, makes him realise how little he knows of his children, all now almost adults. He decides he must find out what makes them tick, and why, and if they do, above all, how they managed to without his guidance. Naturally his sudden interest causes consternation at first, and he himself finds the required conviviality a strain. At breakfast *The Times* with marmalade on it; and an over-jovial remark about liking porridge and never getting it is taken up: "'Why not, if you like it?' cries his too serious elder daughter, with maddening solicitude, as if he had been deprived of a delicacy for which he craved. Esmond had to make an effort not to feel irritated." Those breakfasts with father! But theirs is a well integrated family—as should it not be, easily monied with houses in Cheyne Walk and Berkshire—with well integrated friends who are prosperous, reliable, towers of strength and founts of good advice.

All Miss Barbara Worsley-Gough's characters are engaging, possessing strong but immediately attractive dispositions. She rarely stoops to caricature. When she does, as with Cornelius West, geophysicist, there is much more kindness than caricature in his uproarious figure. Judge Moorfield surprises his children quite as much as they him. Difficulties are resolved, mostly amicably, rarely with more than a quick shower of tears. Everyone is agreeably tolerant, behaving honestly and decently—and reasonably, even by standards of reality. Their lives, after all, are Mitfordianly comfortable, conducted on a plane to which the smaller pecuniary troubles, the tedium of housekeeping and any but the most frivolously practical of chores don't reach. So the story ripples along in a cascade of good humour and elegant living, unreal perhaps, but not unwelcome. Call it a soufflé if you will, but a delicious and nourishing one and more sustaining than many a thriftily caloried repast. The constant sparkle of Miss Worsley-Gough's wit is a high pleasure, the more so since, besides being fundamental to the novel as a whole, it is distinctly individual to each of her personages. Her satirical touches are delicate and never ill-natured. An urbane comedy of manners, so nicely free from the hard, bristling malicious humour of today, I found a change and a treat.

The Inheritance is written in the sort of gloom

that hangs around Lots Road power station. The author, tackling his subject from the painstakingly documentary approach, uses the old ever-handy gimmick of gathering diverse people together by some lure to tell their life's story and act their future. In this case a large sum of money, left in an inconclusive will, draws from all corners and all professions and classes the surviving Lidstone relatives and their heirs. We learn their various histories. We watch their feeble struggles under the weight of the promised money, their hopes ebbing and flowing on the remorseless tide of delayed expectation. For some the strain is too much; for others it is suggested to be their salvation. Mr. Sommerfield's novel is always competent, though sometimes the manner of telling is clumsy. Wills entailing a fortune do have a life of their own, and our sympathies are here often involved as to who will get or most deserves the inheritance. Yet I was too conscious of the author's manipulations. Local colour laid on thickly and cloyingly, so that the scene could not be visualised for the paint; characters behaving unnaturally and unenvironmentally; and a constant flitting to and fro between the many sets of people involved. Money, true enough, generally brings out the worst, and not the best, in us. The author, however, presses his case too hard, infecting even his subsidiary characters with a dismal despair. This uniformity contains the seed of its own downfall, for the characters, ceasing to develop, soon stale, and staling, soon bore. They are not, in fact, imbued with life: only the idea of the will is.

The last novel throbs with the passionate, false life of the stage. Everybody strikes poses, and there's a good deal of sharp elbowing up right and down left in the crowd scenes. But I find that green-room novels, like salted almonds, are insidiously to my taste. Gillian Aylesford is the precocious fourteen-year-old in a family stiff with famous actors and other celebrities. She is all the time busily taking notes for the biography which she writes later of the Most Famous Family in the World. Miss Stern undoubtedly was intent on serving a sustaining *omelette au jambon*, exuberant, vital, heartily amusing (there is a liberal use of exclamation marks), reinforced by the evergreen theme of the changingness of people's characters. Gillian, belonging to the "failure branch" of the family as her cousin Timothy—later a Hollywood star and her lover—once called it, always feels herself denigrated by Bettina, her first cousin once removed and later her mother-in-law. (It's the interlocking type of saga.) As an adult Gillian becomes reconciled to Bettina, though healthily indulging in spats with her. Bettina, who shares her author's indefatigability, is at times quite fun; she can also be a perishing bore. Gillian herself, more fully developed, and shorn of many of the half-digested cast who cram the pages, might be an extremely interesting character. As it is, observing her storing from youth the necessities of her trade is rewarding. Unfortunately the heartiness of the author's pace was too much for me, and, I felt, for Miss Stern.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

The Trade of War

The Crecy War. By ALFRED H. BURNE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s*.

There seem to be two clearly-marked periods in the growth of a State when it becomes a military menace to its neighbours. The most obvious is that which follows a great revolution, when mass armies, freed from the moral and technical restraints of the *ancien régime*, carry abroad their ideas with a mixture of xenophobic hysteria and missionary zeal. The other comes earlier, when, at a certain stage in the loosening-up of feudal society, the prince is able to make the best of two worlds: of the developing money economy which enables him to raise a professional army more permanent and more reliable than the short-serving and cantankerous feudal host; and also of a strong feudal nobility, bred for and rejoicing in war and prepared, both from economic necessity and from temperamental inclination, to put their unstinted services at the disposal of a warrior king. Enriched in strength, the prince carries on with outstanding success the armed quarrel over personal property rights which was the medieval and dynastic motive for war. Thus Frederick the Great; thus Charles VIII and Francis I of France, and Charles I of Spain; and thus Edward III of England in the fourteenth century. The armies of such princes, combining knightly enthusiasm with the discipline of long-service mercenaries, developed new techniques of war with remarkable speed. The English use of archers and dismounted men-at-arms, the French of artillery and heavy cavalry, the Prussian of quick-moving, quick-firing infantry, all appeared during these fruitful and murderous eras; and in them one can also discern, rudimentary as the limbs of a coelocanth, the first stirrings of popular national sentiment under the shadow of feudal ambitions.

There are thus many reasons why the Hundred Years' War would repay close study. Colonel Burne's hypotheses one can treat them as ruth-title "A *military* history . . .," and for him, as, alas, for so many others, the word "military" applies simply to the conduct of armies in the field. The wider issues of the war—the fiscal, economic and constitutional problems it raised, the framework of ideas within which it was waged—are hardly touched on. But this deliberate concentration enables Colonel Burne to devote all his space to an extensive, detailed and fascinating analysis of the campaigns themselves. He has collated and critically examined the available chronicles; he has examined the terrain with a trained and discerning eye; he has made himself

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THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION

January

MR. LUTHER EVANS *V.* UNESCO
A critical and detailed examination of Mr. Evans' record of Unesco staff dismissals.

PENSIONS DISPUTED
In an interview with the editor of THE JOURNAL, Gilbert Longden, M.P., gives his reasons for abstaining from the vote on the Teacher's Superannuation Bill. Mr. Longden is a Conservative M.P. and was a vigorous opponent of Dame Horsbrugh's proposals.

THE WEB OF EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH
Ben Morris, Director of the National Foundation for Educational Research in England and Wales, shows how research can elucidate such issues as 11+ tests and rewards and punishments in schools.

THE EDUCATION OF TEACHERS
J. W. Tibble, Professor of Education at University College, Leicester, introduces a series of articles on this subject. He suggests that training college courses are often too narrowly vocational and considers how they could be re-orientated so as to make the best use of the proposed third year.

EXTERNAL EXAMINATIONS EXAMINED
Frank Whitehead, Lecturer at the London Institute of Education, considers what can be done to mitigate the cramping effect on teaching of the mass examination of G.C.E. at "O" level.

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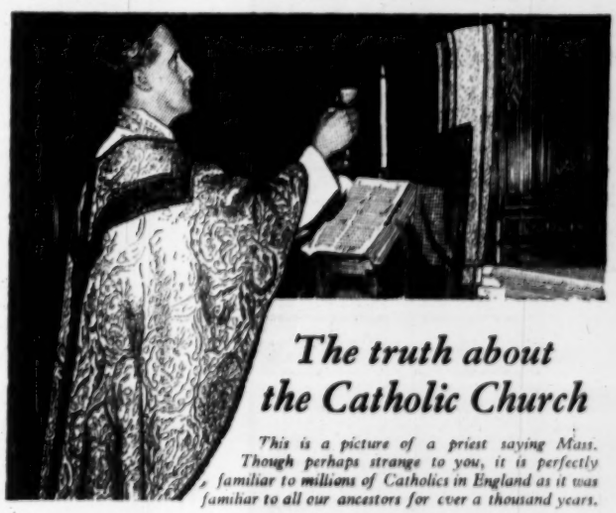

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familiar with a wide range of historical commentary; and when baffled he falls back on an Inner Light which he terms "Inherent Military Probability." Scholars may raise a questioning eyebrow, but history illumined by no such flair is tedious indeed. If one does not like Colonel Burne's hypotheses one can treat them as ruthlessly as he does those with which he himself disagrees. (The late Professor Lot, for instance, gets pretty roughly handled.) Altogether, an undeservedly obscure succession of events is brought most fascinatingly to life.

But one point leaves this reviewer unhappy. Colonel Burne sets out to demolish the traditional view that Edward's campaigns were merely aimless forays and gives a reasoned defence of his planning in such terms as "Strategic combination on exterior lines." But surely to talk about medieval warfare in terms of Jomini and Clausewitz is as misleading as to talk of medieval law in terms of Coke and Blackstone, or to apply to medieval philosophy the language of Hume or Kant? The word "Strategy" had not been coined: to what extent did the conception exist? In what terms *did* medieval warriors think of the conduct of operations? What ideas did they distil from the scraps of Aelian and Vegetius which were circulating in manuscript? To investigate this would be a task worthy of a Maitland or a Tout; but military history has been for too long the monopoly of the historian of campaigns.

MICHAEL HOWARD

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Saturday, 21st Jan., 1956, commencing 2.30 p.m.

This Special Conference will examine the serious shortcomings in the State educational service, and in particular the following:
The "slum" schools, overcrowded classrooms, and inadequate school buildings; conditions of teaching staffs; provisions for secondary education—the "11 plus" examination, the comprehensive school. The intentions of the 1944 Act.

Tickets obtainable at 6d. each from the Education Secretary, L.C.S., 34 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. (delegates from all interested organisations will be particularly welcomed).

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City Lights

Recession—In Markets

The expression on a group of faces is likely to change quite suddenly when the camera has clicked. And in stock markets, when the first week of 1956 was up, the formal New Year smile completely disappeared. Austins announced the temporary adoption of a four-day week.

The news in itself was not so startling. The Austin step is said to be temporary, and is so far isolated. But recent market optimism has been based on nothing more solid than the absence of news. Prices have discounted the credit squeeze only in special cases; its overall effect has so far appeared only in the flow of new issues. When the first big sign that medicine is working comes from the motor industry, whose expansion has played so large a part in the industrial boom, the market is forced suddenly to think about things which it would much prefer to forget.

Whatever the psychological force of the Austin news, its action was only that of a detonator. Two small points make this clear. The first is that while the whole Industrial market sagged badly on Monday, the shares of British Motor fell by only 1½d. The second is that the gilt-edged market suffered as well: it had actually turned weak on Friday afternoon. Stock markets as a whole went sour, not for any single reason, but because a number of things happened at once.

On the gilt-edged front—where a large private buyer suddenly disappeared from the market—the easier short-term borrowing conditions permitted to local authorities had already caused some muttering about the draining away of funds through mortgages. Of more immediate importance for the bears were the rumours of political upheaval and a spate of uneasiness about a further rise in bank rate. With no evidence yet available about the plans of the new chancellor, this last factor was particularly unsettling. On the Industrial front, too, a number of influences worked together. Wall Street was weak on uncertainty about the President's future and Mr. Ford's warning that profits would be lower this year. The Austin news sparked a train of memories about lower profit margins—in particular, the recent Westinghouse statement that its unexpected drop in profit was due to higher wage costs. Whatever happened to wages and investment, it now appeared there might not be much left for the shareholder. Most superficially and most potently, the Austin news seemed to make up their minds for investors who were wondering whether inflation or deflation would set the tone for 1956.

So far, however, the reaction has been entirely emotional. Unless some hard news comes to back it up, it could easily be reversed. Very probably, however, it has been a good thing. With so many uncertainties ahead, it is as well if markets sometimes behave uncertainly.

* * *

In theory, one would expect the banks and the discount market to do well out of higher interest rates. Although they have to borrow the money whose lending makes their profit, their borrowing rates tend to go up less sharply; the banks, for example, while they now earn 4 per cent. on bills and up to 6 per cent. on overdrafts, are still paying only 2½ per cent. on deposit accounts and nothing at all on current accounts. And the average level of overdrafts was higher in 1955 than in 1954. The one drawback is that a rise in interest rates leads to a fall in the book value of their investments; and though this hardly matters if they can wait until rates fall again, or the bonds mature, it matters quite a lot if a shortage of funds causes them to sell at a loss.

Because of these fluctuations in the market value of their gilt-edged, it is impossible to take the "net profit" figures issued by the banks at their face value; they are struck after adding to, or drawing from inner reserves whose size is not published. For what it is worth, all the profit figures are up—by amounts ranging from 1½ per cent. for Martins to 10½ per cent. for the Midland—and all the dividends are maintained at their previous level. The three discount houses, however, all report lower net profits, and the two whose profits have fallen most sharply have also cut their dividends. It is true that the market had to sell a certain amount of bonds at a loss, and in the case of low-dividend bonds it has been paying more to finance its investments than the investments yielded in income. But the matter is only permanently serious when losses have actually been realised, and even here there may be some tax offset in the future. Bonds are now more profitable, and bills will continue profitable while dear money lasts.

* * *

The tussle for control of Millspaugh, the paper-machinery maker, is reaching its final stage. A couple of months ago, a majority of the directors recommended shareholders to accept a bid from Hadfields, a steel firm which had owned Millspaugh before nationalisation. But Mr. Landegger, another director, who controls a U.S. paper-machinery firm with a British subsidiary, and who bought a large holding in Millspaugh at the time of nationalisation, claims that the notable rise in profits since independence is largely due to his efforts and is very much opposed to letting the company go back to Hadfields. Bidding and counter-bidding has gone on for the last few votes needed to secure a voting majority, until the market price of the shares is almost twice the original Hadfields offer.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,351

Set by Leigh Mercer

Competitors are invited to concoct a conversation between two lifemen, to be memorized beforehand and spoken at a party, with a view to raising the prestige of both speakers. Limit 150 words; entries by January 24.

Result of No. 1,348

Set by Jocelyn Brooke

A correspondent in a contemporary has recently pointed out that Nashe's famous line: "Brightness falls from the air" was in fact a misprint for "Brightness falls from the *hair*." Competitors were invited to contribute three similar glosses (the more disillusioning the better) on famous poems either ancient or modern.

Report

Famous poets appear to have read their proofs more carefully than one might have supposed, and the entries were rather disappointing. Many competitors scored one bull's-eye, but none managed three of equal merit; an added difficulty was that so many seemed to hit on the same idea (Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, Keats and Tennyson were top favourites). A few missed the point: misprints were what I was really looking for, but several earnest scholars proffered alternative readings which were too esoteric by half; thus Dominick Salteena pointed out, very plausibly, that in Landor's line: "Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art," "Art" was in fact the pet-name for a certain Arthur Williams, son of a Cardiff butcher, "the object of a romantic friendship of life-long duration"—a fascinating sidelight on the poet's private life, but not, alas, quite what was wanted.

I suggest that two guineas be awarded to Leslie Johnson, whose entry came nearest to fulfilling the intentions of the setter, and half a guinea each to Eric Swainson, Dominick Salteena, R. Tuck Pook, Annie Allen, George Hurren, Esmé Kelly and Boothby, all of whom produced a single horrifying gloss, but failed to stay the pace.

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful *friend*
Doth close behind him tread. (Coleridge)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through *taverns* measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. (Coleridge)

Dear God! the very *horses* seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.
(Wordsworth)
LESLIE JOHNSON

Wives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime. (Longfellow)
ERIC SWAINSON

Women bore me, I will go. (Housman)
DOMINICK SALTEENA

I loved Ophelia: forty thousand *brothels*
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum . . . (*Hamlet*, V, 2)
R. TUCK POOK

As if this earth in *vast* thick pants were breathing.
(Coleridge)
ANNIE ALLEN

Strip no further, pretty sweeting. (Shakespeare)
GEORGE HURREN

C'est Vénus toute entière à son *prix* attachée
(Racine)
ESMÉ KELLY

Alone and *plainly* loitering. (Keats)
BOOTHBY

Honourable Mentions:

Whenas in *sulks* my Julia goes. (Herrick)
J. T. SHARPE

The trivial round, the common *cask*
Will furnish all we need to ask. (Keble)
ALLAN M. LAING

The *specious* times of great Elizabeth.
(Tennyson)
PHILIP KERSHAW

To-night it doth inherit
The *nasty* hall of death. (Arnold)
H. A. C. EVANS

The Chess Board

No. 328. Sicilian Vespers at Hastings

But for the fiery rising at the Easter vespers of 1282 the Sicilian may well be known as the Greek or Norman, or even the Aragon Defence. However that may be, there were only two French Defences at Hastings, three Caro-Kann (Caro-Golombek!), and one solitary Ruy and Petrov, whereas no less than 14 times P-K4 was countered by the Sicilian dagger of the QBP. Here's how it was flashed by Mark Taimanov against his redoubtable compatriot Victor (Victor indeed!) Korchnoi.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(10)	Kt-B3	Q-R4
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(11)	K-Kt1	P-QKt4
(3)	P-Q4	P x P	(12)	B-Q3	Kt-QKt5
(4)	Kt x P	Kt-B3	(13)	KR-K1	Kt x B
(5)	Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(14)	Q x Kt	P-Kt5
(6)	B-KKt5	P-K3	(15)	Kt-Q5!?	P x Kt
(7)	Q-Q2	P-QR3	(16)	P x P ch	K-Q1
(8)	O-O-O	B-Q2	(17)	B x Kt ch	P x B
(9)	P-B4	R-B1	(18)	Q-Q4	K-B2

Here White readily grasped the draw by repetition—(19) Q-R7 ch, K-Q1. (20) Q-Q4, K-B2. (21) Q-R7 ch etc.—but Black may well have played for a win by (18) . . . B-K2. (19) Kt-Kt5, B-B4! (20) Kt x P ch, K-Q2. (21) R-K2, P-Kt6. (22) RP x P, R x P. (23) R x R, R-QB1. (24) R-Q3, Q-K8 ch etc. If the tipsters were disappointed by Taimanov dropping a couple of games, that amiable grandmaster more than made up for it by his imperturbable charm and sportsmanship; indeed, all the Russians made themselves as popular as ever by their eager readiness to play lightning chess and to analyse any position at any time (to say nothing of Taimanov's prowess at ping-pong and Ragosin's quick mastery of snooker). But the hero of the Congress of course, was 20-year-old Fridrik Olafsson who may well get (and thoroughly deserve) the grandmaster title before he comes of age. When he told me that he is about to study medicine I could not but hope that he will devote as much time to chess as Dr. Tarrasch did, whom the young Icelander resembles by his earnest and studious demeanour, while excelling him by his modest charm of manner. On the chessboard, though, his aggressiveness is quite remarkable. Here's how he trounced Persitz.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(15)	Q-Q3 ch	P-B4
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(16)	Kt-K6	Q-Q3
(3)	Kt x P	P-Q3	(17)	Kt x Kt!	K-R2
(4)	Kt-KB3	Kt x P	(18)	Kt x B	Kt x Kt
(5)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(19)	B-B4	Q-Q2
(6)	B-Q3	B-K2	(20)	Kt-B5!	Q-K1
(7)	O-O	Kt-QB3	(21)	B-Kt5	R-B2
(8)	R-K1	B-KKt5	(22)	Q-KKt3	P-QKt3
(9)	P-B4	Kt-B3	(23)	Kt-Q3	P-Kt3
(10)	P x P	KKt x P	(24)	Q-R4	Q-Kt4
(11)	Kt-B3	O-O	(25)	Kt-K5	R-Kt2
(12)	P-KR3	B-R4	(26)	B x Kt	P-B5
(13)	B x P ch!	K x B	(27)	B-B6	R(2)-Kt1
(14)	Kt-Kt5 ch	K-Kt3	(28)	Kt-B3	resigns

There's a good deal more to be said about the Congress, but it will have to wait a week or two.

A: M. Taimanov 1950

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the issue very speedily and brilliantly. How? **B**—White to draw—in an instructive little study Keres was kind enough to show me while waiting for Ragosin to finish a break at snooker: and since it was quite a break there was time enough to show me **C as well**. This is a win for White and hardly over-rated at 7 ladder-points, while **B** may be a bargain at 6.

B : Paul Keres 1950

C : Paul Keres 1936

Usual prizes. Entries by January 23.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 325. Set December 24

A: (1) P-KB4, P-K4, (2) K-B2, Q-B3, (3) K-Kt3, Q x BP ch, etc.

B: (1) K-B3, P-Kt5, ch, (2) K-K3, etc. If (1) . . . B-R4 ch, (2) P-Kt4 ch, etc. If (1) . . . P-B5, (2) P x P ch, etc.

C: (1) . . . R x Kt ch, (2) K x R, R-R8 ch, (3) K x R, Q-R5 ch, (4) K-Kt1, Q-R7 ch, (5) K-B1, Q-R8 ch, (6) K-Q2, Q x P ch, (7) K-Q3, Q-B7 ch, (8) K-Q4, Q-B5 ch, (9) K-K5, Q-Q4 ch, (10) K-B6, Q-B2 ch, (11) K-K5, Q-B4 ch, (12) K-Q4, P-B4 ch, (13) K-B3, Q-QB7 mate.

Tempting, but insufficient, is (1) . . . Q-B5 ch, (2) Q-B3, Q x Q ch, (3) P x Q, R(1)-R7, (4) B-Q2!, etc.

D: (1) Kt-B3, P-B3, (2) Kt-Q2, P-B4, (3) Kt-Kt3, P-B5, (4) Kt-B5, P-B6, (5) Q-Q6, P-B7, (6) B x P, K-B6, (7) Kt-K4 ch, R x Kt, (8) B-K1 ch, R x B mate.
If (1) . . . P-B4, (2) Kt-K5, P-B5, (3) B-B1, P-B6, (4) B-B2, K-B6, (5) Q-Kt3 ch, K-Q7 (6) Kt-B4 ch, R x Kt, (7) Q-K3 ch, K-Q8, (8) Q-B1 ch, R x Q, mate.

E: (1) P-Kt7, Kt-B4 ch, (2) B x Kt, K-R3, (3) P-Kt8(R!), etc.
If (2) . . . R-Kt5 ch, (3) B x R, K-R3, (4) P—Kt ch.
If (2) . . . K x B, (3) P queens.

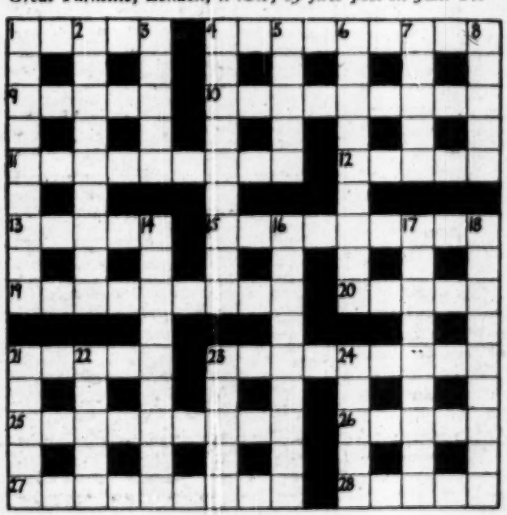
F: (1) P-B7, R-QR3 ch, (2) B-R3!, R x B ch, (3) K-Kt2, R-R7 ch!, (4) K-B1, R-R8 ch, (5) K-Q2, R-R7 ch (6) K-K3, R-R6 ch, (7) K-B4, R-R5 ch, (8) K-Kt5, R-Kt5 ch!, (9) K-R6!, R-Kt1, (10) Kt-K7!!, B-K3, (11) P x R(Q) ch, B x Q, (12) Kt-Kt6 mate.
If (1) . . . R-KB3, (2) B-Kt2.
If (1) . . . R-Kt1, (2) P x R(Q) ch, K x Q, (3) Kt-K7 ch.

Most competitors garnered between 30 and 40 points, but only D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman and A. J. Roycroft got full marks. They share the prizes.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 187

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 187, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 24.



ACROSS

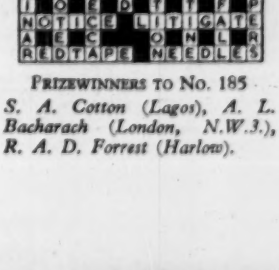
1. First appearance is like toothpaste in reverse (5).
4. The engaged are a bit backward in front of something definite in bed (9).
9. Sent a message with wrath in it (5).
10. Tired muse translated into Greek (9).
11. Academic periods show me a saint among sages (9).
12. The stress of an epic tussle (5).
13. Going to excess in a skilful trade (5).
15. A reversal for corruption follows since the start of pay changes for the policeman (9).
19. Unrelenting fury from a Norwegian town (9).
20. Jack is backing Jack with an extra note (5).
21. Articled graduate's dip? (5).
23. To provide stimulus I work in an art gallery (9).
25. Blacking a girl in a rag? (9).
26. A service man, I am in the scheme (5).
27. If the school followed society it would be having an evening meal with meat (9).
28. Ate, but did without the last of the wine (5).

DOWN

1. Whereabouts to get a shot wound perhaps (4, 5).
2. The exchange is about to ring me; it supplies a weather report (9).
3. Seasons finishing at a certain date in the month (5).
4. Pestering for something to wear with an emblem on it (9).
5. Occasions you are afraid of (5).
6. In disrupted tours the team are far from favourites (9).
7. Raise me in a crowd (5).
8. " Stick close to your——— and never go to sea" (Gilbert) (5).
14. It is a tragedy, but no man changes all but one article after a match (9).
16. Plan a label in complicated terms (9).
17. Sailor and saint in a sheet (9).
18. Retired (shortly before the Eastern trade collapsed) (9).
21. Small and elegant, in a cab I journey (5).
22. Mine is up and up tiltable (5).
23. " The bee with honied——— " (Milton) (5).
24. Made great strides, but double the centre and it is cut off (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 185



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 185

S. A. Cotton (Lagos), A. L. Bacharach (London, N.W.3.), R. A. D. Forrest (Harlow).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer (British) for North American Service, to formulate ideas for and produce discussions, talks and talks features for re-broadcasting in North America. Sound academic background, good general knowledge, appreciation of style of spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in people of all kinds essential. First-hand knowledge of people and affairs of U.S.A. and Canada and experience of writing desirable. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1477 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Serbo/Croat monitor to report on radio transmissions. Essential qualifications: sound knowledge of world affairs, idiomatic knowledge of Serbo/Croat, good English, perfect hearing and ability to type. Candidates should be prepared to work outside the United Kingdom including Cyprus. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1475 N.Stm." should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Education. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range of £A1,800-£A2,150 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£A26 male, £A20 female p.a.), with annual increments of £A70. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is February 4, 1956.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for a Tutor/Organiser in the Adult Education Centre. The salary scale for the position is £881 7s. rising to £1,031 7s. by annual increments of £50; an allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is February 21, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range of £600 to £1,150 according to qualifications and experience, to take up appointment on October 1, 1956. Superannuation under the F.S.S.U. or otherwise can be arranged. Ten copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of education, and including ten copies of two testimonials and/or the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than February 11, 1956. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility—Deputy Headmistress, Kidbrooke School, Corelli Road, S.E.3. Headmistress, Miss M. G. Green. Applications invited for appointment as Deputy Headmistress of this secondary school for 2,000 girls. Burnham (London) salary with special allowance of £450. There is provision for academic courses leading to G.C.E. (O.A. and S. levels) and in preparation for advanced studies in Catering, Dressmaking, Tailoring, Millinery and Commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability, a variety of teaching experience, and wide interests. Application forms EO/TS10 (Kidbrooke Deputy) to be obtained from and returned to Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by January 27, 1956. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts, and have no particulars to add, may apply on Form TS10B (48)

COUNTY Borough of West Ham. Appointment of Full-Time Woman Probation Officer. Applicants must be not less than 23 nor more than 40 years of age, except in cases of a serving Probation Officer. The appointment and salary will be in accordance with the Probation Rules and subject to medical examination and superannuation deductions. Applications, stating age, present position, qualifications and experience, and the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, must reach the undersigned not later than January 31, 1956. G. V. Adams, Clerk to the Justices and Secretary to the Probation Committee.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

ESSEX Education Committee. Appointment of Peripatetic Music Teacher. Applications are invited for the post of a full-time peripatetic string music teacher. It is hoped to appoint a teacher with successful teaching experience in violin classes and instrumental work. Candidates should hold the Teacher's Certificate awarded following a course of training at a Teacher's Training College or have completed a course at a College of Music which is accepted for the payment of the qualified rate of salary under the Burnham Scale. The teacher appointed will be required to visit schools of all types where instrumental teaching is required. An additional fixed (unpensionable) £60 per annum will be paid towards travelling and out-of-pocket expenses. Application forms (with further particulars) may be obtained (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford, and should be returned not later than February 8, 1956.

NORTH West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board. Hospital Administration—applications invited for a small number of posts in hospital service in North West Metropolitan Region. Training given over 3 years in general hospital and mental hospital groups and with Regional Board. Applicants preferably under 25 years, to have educational standard not less than general certificate. Appointments to start immediately, but candidates unable to take up immediate appointments will also be considered. Salary according to age—for men £230 p.a. at 18; £350 p.a. at age 23 and over, plus £10-£30 London Weighting; women slightly lower commencing salary, but scale subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Written applications to, and further information from Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a, Portland Place, W.1, by January 31, 1956.

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. The delegates invite applications for one or more Open Exhibitions of £50-£100 a year, tenable for one or two years, which may be awarded to persons who wish to train for social work by preparing for the Oxford University Diploma in Public and Social Administration or the Certificate of Training for Social Work. If suitable applications are received, an examination will be held in Oxford on March 15 and 16, 1956, consisting of an interview together with a general paper and an essay paper. Both men and women may apply. Applicants who have not taken or are not preparing for a University degree must be over 23 years of age by October 1, 1956. Forms of application for admission to the examination may be obtained from the Secretary, Oxford University Delegacy for Social Training, Barnett House, Wellington Square, Oxford, and should be returned to him completed not later than February 4.

BURGH of Falkirk. Children's Home. Appointment of Matron. Applications are invited for the residential post of Matron at the above Home. The Home takes 20 children aged up to 15 years and is run on family lines. The successful applicant will be in charge of the Home under the supervision of the Children's Officer, from whom further information may be obtained. Salary J.I.C. Scales £440/590 × £15, less emoluments meantime valued at £150, with placing according to qualifications and experience. Qualifications, although desirable, not essential. The appointment is subject to the Town Council's conditions of service and superannuation scheme, and the successful applicant will require to pass a medical examination. Applications stating age, experience and qualifications, and accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials should be lodged with the undersigned within ten days of the appearance of this advertisement. John G. Morris, Town Clerk, Municipal Chambers, Falkirk.

EXPERIENCED, enthusiastic kindergarten teacher (preferably Froebel trained) wanted Easter or Summer for recognised independent co-educational School, Hampstead. Pleasant working conditions.—Scope for initiative. Burnham Scale London allowance. Write Box 1888.

MILFORD Chest Hospital, Godalming, Surrey. Student Nurses (male and female) required for two year's training for the State Preliminary Examination and Certificate of the British Tuberculosis Association. Training grant £245 first year and £255 second year, less £113 for full board residence. Uniform provided. Bonus of £60 payable at the expiration of two years' B.T.A. training. Hospital transport connects with rail and 'bus services. Apply: The Matron.

SOCIAL Service. Two House Mothers required for intelligent maladjusted junior children. Lilliput, Bradfield, Nr. Reading.

HUNGARIAN-speaking youngish man or woman, with faultless English, interested in law, willing to type, has opportunity to do unusual and exacting work in central London solicitor's office. Box 2092.

THE Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement, Berner Street, London, E.1. Tel.: ROYal 5526. Residential Boys' Club Leader required. Write or 'phone Warden for appointment, stating age, experience, etc.

DOCTOR reqs. sec. Practice mostly within London Univ. Intelligence more important than exp. or speeds. Pay on scale. Unus. gd. holidays. Dr. Malleson, CUN. 3611, evgs.

YNG. woman to assist generally on northern hill farm incl. some shepherding. Live as family. Driv. licence adv. Box 2067.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

SOCIAL Researcher, with writing ability, required one year by Dartington Hall Trust investigate effects rural life opening large factories South Devon. Prospects publication book under own name. Ready begin work any time 1956, earlier better. £1,250 p.a. exclusive expenses. Apply enclosing personal history, two references and example own writing, Peter Sutcliffe, Bursar, Central Office, Dartington, Totnes, Devon.

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the following appointments at a Home in the Group for psychotic and grossly maladjusted children aged 3-10 years falling vacant in the near future owing to staff leaving to take up further training:—House Mother, S.R.N.; House Mother; Junior Assistant House Mother. Main essentials are commonsense, patience and gaiety. Applications to the Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, stating age, qualifications, experience, and naming two referees, by January 21, 1956.

TWO junior assistants for the Labour Party Library. Applicants should be interested in the work of the Labour Party. Experience of library work an advantage. Salary scale according to age: £186 at 16 years rising by annual increments to £270 at 18 years and to £460 at 24 years. Application form, obtainable from the Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1, to be returned by Jan. 28, 1956.

BOOKSELLERS' Assistant required. Must have interest in Chinese art and literature and ability to handle correspondence. Further ability to take shorthand and read Chinese highly unlikely but most welcome. Apply in writing to Collet's Chinese Bookshop, 40 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

VACANCY for trainee in small but expanding Vegetarian Food Reform Restaurant, London, managed by Domestic Science Montessori Diplomée. Excellent opportunity gain necessary knowledge and experience for valuable openings in this growing field of work. Interesting prospects here for right person. Appropriate salary. Box 2025.

FABIAN Society requires Secretary/Shorthand-typist, £6 12s. 6d. p.w. plus increments. 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday. Interesting work. Apply in writing to Gen. Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

STUDENT Christian Movement requires Editorial Secretary. Interesting work for graduate shorthand-typist. Write Sec., Annandale, North End Rd., N.W.11.

EXPD. administrative sh./hnd corresp./sec. 27-35 yrs. To be right-hand person. Small engraving & printing office, Camden Town. Closed Jewish hols. Box 2172.

MEDICAL Organisation requires shorthand-typist and junior clerk-typist. Excellent opportunities for intelligent candidates. Ring MUSeum 5626 for appointment.

SECRETARY to handwriting expert in small office. Accuracy essential. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

BOOK Exporters require typist, good at figures and general office routine; some knowledge German desirable. Pleasant atmosphere. No Saturdays. Box 2283.

S/TYPIST-book-keeper required 3 days weekly professional organisation. Interesting work with responsibility. For interview write Mr. Hart, 18 Barter Street, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED German/English secretary shorthand typist capable of working on own initiative. Gd. prospects. Box 2057.

NATIONAL Union of Students urgently require typist to assist Organiser of flag day in aid of Hostel Appeal Fund. Apply: Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

TEMPORARY Work (days, weeks, months) for expd. Secs., Sh/typs., C/typs. and Clks. 10 to 5. No Sats. Top rates. Ring Miss Topham Duttons Sec. Service, 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat has some unusually interesting Secretarial posts for educated young women. 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2 and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

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DOCTOR, widower, reqs. cook-hsekpr. willing care for 2 chldrn, aged 5 & 6. Exc. dly. help with clg. Gd. sal. Box 2203.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPD. master, woodwork, rural sc., games & jun. work. Wife B.Sc. wd. teach pt. time, Sept. Own caravan. Box 2104.

YOUNG man requires evening and week-end occupation London area. Box 2159.

MAN, 33, intelligent, well-educated, interests literature, psychology, seeks work in which tact and organising ability would be an advantage. Box 2081.

EXPD. sec. reqs. occas. w/end/evg., wk. Corresp./lit./commer. Gd. refs. Box 2112.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

RESPONSIBLE young lady, 22, recently returned from abroad, knowledge of French, Italian and Spanish, good appearance, initiative, seeks position where these qualifications may be an asset. Box 2263.

CAN anyone rescue young arts graduate (Oxon.), unable to reconcile ideals with career in industry, by offering interesting, companionable work of a not wholly materialistic nature? Box 2071.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Leon Fellowship. Applications are invited for the Leon Fellowship for Research (preferably in the fields of Economics or Education) for the Session 1956-57. The Fellowship is of the value of not less than £500 a year, and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a University, but they are expected to put forward a programme of research of an advanced character and to produce evidence that they can carry it out. Selected candidates will be required to attend for interview. Further particulars should be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1, and applications for the Fellowship must be received not later than Feb. 1, 1956.

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range £700-£1,100 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £1,150-£1,500 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent by March 1, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer enqs. regarding scope of the Fellowships.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of January "Plebs." "The Sovereign Purse and Inflation," by J. P. M. Millar; "America—The Great Experiment," by W. Campbell Balfour; "Women in the Trade Union Movement," by Jessie Stephen; "The Co-operative Movement's Sticky Wicket," by Jack Bailey; "Towards Social Ownership," by Paul Derrick; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; "Industrial Law III—Collective Agreements," by W. L. Taylor, B.L., J.P.; "Geographical Footnote," by Frank Horrabin. Pars. from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" 1s. 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

DEVELOPMENTS in India and the Middle East are discussed by R. Palme Dutt in the January "Labour Monthly." Also: "The Trade that Butler Stops" (John Eaton), etc. Order now 1s. 6d. all newsagents or 9s. post free sub. from NS.134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

GEORGE Pargiter, M.P., Cassasola & John Burns on conscription; Basil Davidson on Middle East in B.P.C. Newsletter, ready this w/end, 4d.—B.P.C., 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

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"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd.,W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WANTED: Horizons, odds & sets; also Criterion; Scrutiny & similar. Books & libraries purchased. Fisher & Sperr, 46 Highgate High St., N.6. MOU. 7244.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Observateur," 1950-1955; Keesings 1948-55, bound, offers; Trotsky, "Russian Revolution," 3 volumes; Veblen, "Leisure Class," 1st 1899; Typewriter, Olympia Portable, 1955 model scarcely used, £24 (cost £34 10s.).

WANTED: "Population Studies," Vols. I-VII; New or second-hand copies Margaret Isherwood's "The Root of the Matter"; Morton's "Sideways Through Borneo"; Linguaphone Italian Course; Bayon's "Brighter Italian"; French Linguaphone; B. A. Gown, quote price; Mercury-Vapour Sun Lamp (London area).

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Two Open Scholarships, one of £100 p.a. and one of £60 p.a., and a Music Scholarship varying from £40 to £100 p.a. will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in March, 1956, for girls aged between 11 and 14 the following September. Full particulars from the Headmistress.

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BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

MRS. Reginald Palmer, 15 Holland Park, W.11, is able to offer 2 vacancies in her small school group. Exp. tuit. under highly recommended governess. Ages 5-7. Mornings only. Term starts Jan. 16. PAR. 6452.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3 (PRImrose 4481/2). Small group of weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educated for General Certificate of Education and the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

ENTERTAINMENTS

DUCHESS. TEM. 8243. 7.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30 Tom Arnold pres. J. B. Priestley's comedy "Mr. Kettle & Mrs. Moon." "Rollicking comedy"—Evg. Stand.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30. Th., St., 2.30. "Listen to the Wind." Mems. 10s. Lyrly.

UNITY: Sartrg's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun at 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

MOZART. "The Magic Flute" to be intro. by Christopher West, illus. by members Covent Garden cast, Opera Circle, Sun., Jan. 15, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Hon. Sec., WEStern 7513.

MARIONETTE Th., Highgate. Perfs. ev. Sun., 3 p.m. Reservations ARC. 6595.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Jan. 15: Sucksdorff's The Great Adventure (U). Crin Blanc (U). From Jan. 16: Cocteau Season: La Belle Et La Bête (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Jan. 14, Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi in "Open City" (A). Dir.: Rossellini. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY. 2345, Jan. 15. Greer Garson, Pride & Prejudice. U.

I.C.A., at Academy Cinema, Oxford St., W.1. Sun., Jan. 15, 2.30. Introduced by Roland Penrose: Programme of films including Picasso, From Renoir to Picasso and Shapes and Forms. Members 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. Guests 3s. 6d., 5s. Membership invited.

SOVIET Film Week, Scala Theatre W.1. Jan. 23 to 28, 7.30 p.m. Mon. & Thurs. "The Big Family"; 7.30 p.m. Tues. & Sat. "The Safety Match" & "Moscow Agricultural Exhib."; 7.30 p.m. Wed. & Fri. "True Friends." 2.30 p.m. Sat. "Team from Our Street." Tckts.: 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

TRAVEL Forum and Show of Continental Travel Films, Kensington Town Hall, Jan. 31, 7-10.30 p.m. Entrance free. Tickets from Erna Low Travel Service, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Jan. 14, 8-11. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones. Members 3s. and their Guests 3s. Membership invited.

CLUB Cage D'Or invites you to dance in its intimate French atmosphere. Sat. & Sun. 8 to 12. Licensed bar open daily. Mems. invited. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cot., N.W.3.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Saturday and Sunday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Secretary or please call at the Club.

DON'T let the cold keep you away. We will help thaw you out at the Central London Fabian Society Dance on Saturday, January 14, at 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 8-11.30 p.m. Adm. 3s. 6d. Underground: Holborn.

MR. Gaitskell will be attending the London Labour Party's Reunion and Dance at the Seymour Hall, St. Marylebone, on Mon., Jan. 16, 1956. Tickets 4s. on sale at door or from 258 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed., Jan. 18 at 5.45, The Art of Fugue—J. S. Bach (cond. vers. for woodwind, strings & harpsichord by Leonard Isaacs), London Harpsichord Ensemble. Tickets 5s. and 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

TIEPOLO, Giambattista & Giandomenico. An Exhibition of Drawings & Etchings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till January 20. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

TATE Gallery. Modern Art in the United States. Weekdays 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Adm. free. Closes Feb. 12.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. La Jeune Peinture de Paris—closing Feb. 4. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

ASPECTS of Contemporary English Painting. Parsons Gallery, 79 Grosvenor Street, W.1. Until Jan. 27. Mon.-Fri. 10-5.

HANOVER Gall., 32a St. George St. W.1. Pntgs. by Magda Cordell until Feb. 3.

HAMMERSMITH Art Gallery, 9a Kilmarsh Rd., W.6. 1st one-man show of paintings of N. Africa, & others, by Nina Hosali. Jan. 14-28. Dly. 10-6 ex. Sun.

VICTORIA & Albert Museum. Anglo-Jewish Art & History 1656-1956. Daily 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6. 1s., Sat. free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Frank Auerbach.

LEICESTER Gall., Leic. Sq. New Year Exhib. An annual event. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Ten Years of English Landscape Painting (1945-55) 10.30-6. Sats. 10.30-1. Adm. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Pntgs. Peter Coker. 10-6 p.m.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Sculpture by Harpley, Sherrard, Zydower. Gouaches by Bruce Lacey. Drawings by Peter Snow. Open Mon.-Fri. 11-5, Thurs. to 7.30, Sat. 10-1. Jan. 3-28.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public lunch-hour lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre (entrance Gower Street). Admission free. Jan. 17.—A Biologist's Impressions of Brazil. Dr. H. Kalmus. Jan. 19.—Following the Clouds: Sudanese Nomadism, Dr. D. J. Stenning. Jan. 24.—The Second Indian Five-Year Plan, Professor J. B. S. Haldane. Jan. 26.—Seashores, Mountains and Forests: The Struggle for Living-Space in Middle Europe. Dr. K. A. Sinnhuber. Jan. 31.—Science in Eighteenth-Century Paris, Dr. D. McKie. Feb. 2.—On Being a Fish, Dr. Mary Whitear. Feb. 7.—The Identity of the Dead Sea Sect, Dr. E. Wiesenberg. Feb. 9.—The English Secular Song After 1622, Mr. M. Emslie. Feb. 14.—Psychology and the Search for a Model, Mr. R. T. Green. Feb. 16.—"Accent" and Social Prestige, Mr. J. L. M. Trim. Feb. 21.—Crystals, Temporary and Permanent: I. Ice, Professor Kathleen Lonsdale. Feb. 23.—Dante's Poetic Circle, Professor R. Weiss. Feb. 28.—Crystals, Temporary and Permanent: II. Diamond, Dr. H. Judith Grenville-Wells. Mar. 1.—Boats and Pyramids in Ancient Egypt, Dr. A. J. Arkell. Mar. 6.—"Kon-Tiki" and the Botanists, Mr. P. R. Bell. Mar. 8.—Brains, Mr. B. B. Boycott. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1 (stamped envelope required).

DR. E. J. Hobsbawm, of Birkbeck College, speaks on "The International Historical Congress at Rome" on Wed., Jan. 18, 6.30 p.m., at Collet's Exhibition Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Collet's International Exhibition of Books on History is open until Jan. 28 at the same address. Wkdys. 11 to 6 p.m. Sats. 4 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PARk 7379. Mon., Jan. 16, 8 p.m. 75th Anniversary death of Dostoevsky. Dr. A. Z. Steinberg, "Brotherhood in Dostoevsky." Fri., Jan. 20, 8 p.m. John Lawrence, "The Russian Communist Party Today." Fri., Jan. 27, 8 p.m. Cleo Nordi, "Anna Pavlova."

"BEYOND Democracy," Feb. 3 w/end at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; Feb. 10, "Creative Thinking"; Feb. 17, "Thomas Mann."

ASPECTS of Yoga. Talks ev. Sat., 2.30, Jan. 21, "The Purpose of Yoga." Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs., Jan. 19: "Kant's Thing-in-Itself." Admission free.

I.L.P. Public Meeting. "Is Marxism True Today?" Speaker: Jim Graham. Chairman: F. A. Ridley, on Sat., Jan. 21, Alliance Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1, 2.45 p.m. Adm. 1s.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Jan. 20, 8.30. Mr. Meddegoda. "History & Progress of Ceylon." Illus. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

"A DOCTOR'S Viewpoint," Dr. B. P. Allinson. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Jan. 16, 7.29 p.m. London Natural Health Society, 3rd Monday each month. Adm. 2s.

FORUM. 3.30, Sun., Jan. 15. King's Weigh Hse. Church, Binney St., W.1, Nr. Bond St. Stn. Disc. opened by Rev. C. P. Bradley.

BUDDHA Study Association. G. F. Allen: "The Buddhist Pali Canon," Sun., Jan. 15, 3.30 p.m. Stanton Coit Hse., Prince of Wales Terr. Kensington Rd. W.8. All welc.

GEORGE Devine on "Berthold Brecht," Arts Theatre, Oak Room. January 15 at 8 p.m. Chairman: J. L. Hodgkinson. Pegasus Theatre Society. Members 2s. Non-mems. 3s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. January 21. Mr. G. Henderson: "The Future of English."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Jan. 17, 8.15 p.m. First in series on Aspects of Communications entitled "Meaning and Purpose of Communications," by Professor J. Z. Young. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Thurs., Jan. 19, 8.15. First in series on Validation of Modern Psychology entitled "The Scientific Status of Psycho-Analysis," by Dr. Edward Glover. Chair: Professor C. A. Mace. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Membership invtd.

"PALESTINE Day." The Arab Students' Union in the United Kingdom will convene a Conference on January 14, 1956, from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. in Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1, when the Palestine Question will be discussed by prominent British and Arab personalities. Adm. free, all invited.

DR. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D.: "The Greeks and Evolution," Jan. 15, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert, 6.30 p.m. Adm 1s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., Jan. 15, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: "The Science of Behaviour & the Art of Conduct."

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Jan. 18, 6.30. Public Lecture, "The Use and Abuse of the Scriptures." Dr. E. Conze. Read "The Middle Way"—2s. 6d. quarterly. Dets. EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

MASS Meeting on Cyprus of British & London Cypriots, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Spkrs.: Lt. Col. Lipton, M.P., T. R. Richardson, J.P., C. Kouppartis, Sec. of Cttee. 3 p.m., Sun., Jan. 15. Free.

NEW Generation Group, Burgh House, Well Walk, N.W.3 (nr. Hampstead Tube), Mondays at 8. Jan. 16, Donald Ford: "People & Places." Jan. 23, Dr. Folkson: "Basis of Mental Health." Jan. 30, W. G. Sewell: "International Relations."

CENTRAL Lond. Fabian Soc. "Policy for Housing," James McColl. Jan. 18, 7.30, St. Anne's Hse. 57 Dean St. Vis. welc. 2s.

RACIAL Unity: 6 fortnightly Univ. Extension Lectures, "Race Relations in S. & S.E. Asia," by Dr. H. R. Tinker, M.A., Ph.D., start 7.30, Mon., Jan. 16, 32 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tues., Jan. 17, at 7.15. The Rev. E. G. Lee, "Humanism or Theism?" Adm. free. Collection.

DONALD Ford's "The Deprived Child," reviewed by Mora Burnet. 39 Priory Rd., N.W.6. Sat., Jan. 14 at 2.45. Vis. welc.

PERSONALIST Group. Hans Jaeger on "Germany's Two Faces," Conway Hall, Thursday, Jan. 19, 7.30 p.m.

SCIENTOLOGY, probably the only practical hope for the sanity of mankind. George Wichelow, D.Scn., will speak about this science of the mind, Tues., Jan. 17, 7.45. Contact Secretary, Woodford Scientology Group, 13 Wavertree Rd., E.18. SNA. 2652.

ARMENIAN Youth Soc.: "Tigran the Great & Rome." Dr. C. J. Dowsett at Caxton Hall. 8 p.m., Fri., Jan. 20. Free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Early English Keyboard Music" will be given by Mr. Thurston Dart (Cambridge) at 5.30 p.m. on January 31, February 7 & 14, at Univ. of London, Senate Hse., W.C.1. Adm. Free, Without Tkt.

"TOWARDS a New Formulation of Religion." Progressive League Weekend Conference, February 17-19, at Bracklesham Bay Hotel, nr. Chichester. Chairman: L. A. G. Strong. Speakers: Dr. Julian Huxley, Dr. R. J. Z. Werblowsky, P. W. Martin, Lawrence Hyde. Full programme on application. Fees: members £2 19s. 6d., non-members £3 7s. 6d. Only a few places left. Apply Mrs. J. Armstrong, 121 Honor Oak Park, S.E.23.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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ADULT Education—functions and organisation. University of London Extension Course of six lectures. Fortnightly on Tuesdays at 7.15 p.m., from Jan. 17, at Swedenborg House, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Lecturers: H. L. Beales, M.A.; Dr. A. Plummer; C. P. Thomas, B.A.; E. M. Hutchinson, M.A.; A. H. Thomas, B.Com., M.Ed.; Boris Ford. Details from Secretary, London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee, 20a Well Hall Road, S.E.9.

AT Pendley: Jan. 21 and 22, "Approach to Opera," for opera lovers and newcomers to the subject. Course Tutor: Dr. Grüner, City Literary Institute. Operas to be analysed and discussed: "Magic Flute," "Fidelio," "Tannhäuser." Fee: £1 15s. Full details of this & all 1956 courses: Sec., Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8. New Term begins Sunday, January 15, at 10 a.m., when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses of religious instruction for children who cannot attend at Synagogue apply to School Secy.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute offers a one-year full-time course to experienced serving teachers in primary schools. The next course will begin in September, 1956. Teachers who are accepted are eligible for secondment on full salary. Teachers who are interested should apply to Miss Mary Atkinson, M.A., Institute of Education, 19 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1 (Holborn 8471)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 54 and 55

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.